BRITANNIA and EVE

APRIL
1947

C. V. TENCH
C. PATRICK THOMPSON
JANE GORDON
DAY RUSSELL
FERDINAND TUOHY

1/6

WITH COMPLETE HOME AND FASHION SECTIONS

Lotus

fashion fantasia

Austerity is dead!

Here are styles to suit the times

But stocks are still limited

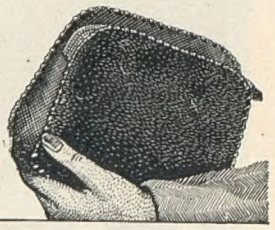
THERE ARE OTHER MODELS AS CHARMING IF THOSE ILLUSTRATED HERE ARE OUT OF SUPPLY

KEEP A FIRM HOLD OF YOUR

shopping drill

DESIRE!

"My dear—the very thing!"

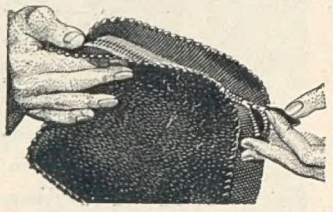


DEBATE!

"But is it worth all that?"

DEFER!

"No! I think I'll wait till there's more choice"



What's the point in keeping down our spending? Well, for one thing, Savings will mean more and better spending later on. And—more important—the less we buy at home, the more we can sell abroad to help the rebuilding of our vital export trade.

Today's best value is SAVINGS

Issued by the National Savings Committee

THERE'S more than material in curtains . . . there's the art of making them drape beautifully—how simple that is with "Rufflette" curtain tape with hooks and rings. "Rufflette" does the pleating for you.

You should see "Rufflette" curtain rails, too—they make your curtains run smoothly and easily.

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CURTAIN TAPE

also HOOKS *and* RINGS

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Manchester, Wythenshawe, London, and Fall River, Mass., U.S.A.

In the right place

How glad you'll be—when the need arises—that you have made sure that your Medicine Cabinet always contains a bottle of 'Milk of Magnesia'.*

Everyone in the family will know where to turn for quick relief from digestive upsets. More important, it is immediately available, in the home, should the doctor order it.

'Milk of Magnesia'

Regd. Trade Mark *

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For the first time since the war the exceptional comfort of the Dunlopillo mattress is available to invalids who hold a doctor's certificate.

Being porous, dustless and of uniform softness, it combines complete relaxation with perfect hygiene. Order through your furnisher.

Supplies limited. Orders in rotation

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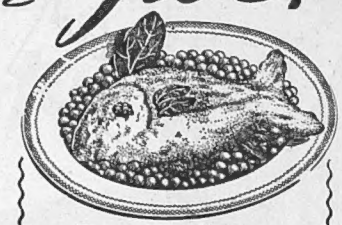
LATEX FOAM CUSHIONING

DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY LIMITED, RICE LANE, WALTON, LIVERPOOL 9

46/DP/6D

fanfare for Fish!

How many ways do you know of serving fish? Several no doubt. But just look at these suggestions; there's almost bound to be at least one that's new to you. That's the great advantage of fish. In itself it's a tasty and nourishing food and it gives you ideal main-meal dishes in almost endless variety. Try this Fish Shape; and if you would like detailed recipes of the other dishes described, send a postcard for "Fish Dishes" to Ministry of Food, Food Advice Division, London, W.1.



Fish Shape

INGREDIENTS. *1 lb. cooked white fish, 1½ lb. mashed potatoes, 1 level teaspoon curry powder, ½ level teaspoon dry mustard, 1 level teaspoon salt, a few bay leaves and some parsley to garnish. A little paprika pepper.*

Remove any skin and bones from the fish before mixing it with the potatoes, curry powder, mustard and salt. Turn on to a flat fireproof dish and, using two knives, mould to the shape of a fish, making a hole for the eye, to be filled with parsley after cooking. Bake in a very hot oven until brown, about 10 minutes. Insert bay leaves for the fins. Decorate with paprika pepper. Serve hot.

Cod Steaks *a l'Americaine*

The cod steaks are baked, then masked with mustard sauce. The garnish of chopped pickle or strips of gherkin adds piquancy; cooked carrot or tomato strips add appetising colour.

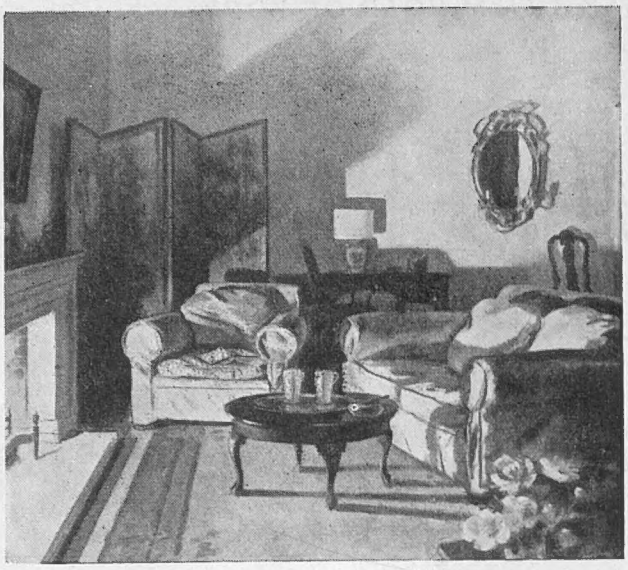
Fish Flan

1 lb. flaked steamed white fish is mixed with the paprika sauce, heated through, then filled into a hot flan case which has been baked "blind."

Oven-Fried Fish

Fish coated with egg and breadcrumbs (reconstituted dried egg) is put into a shallow baking dish, in which a knob of fat has been melted, and baked in moderate oven for ½ hour.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD (S168)



A SEAT BY THE FIRE

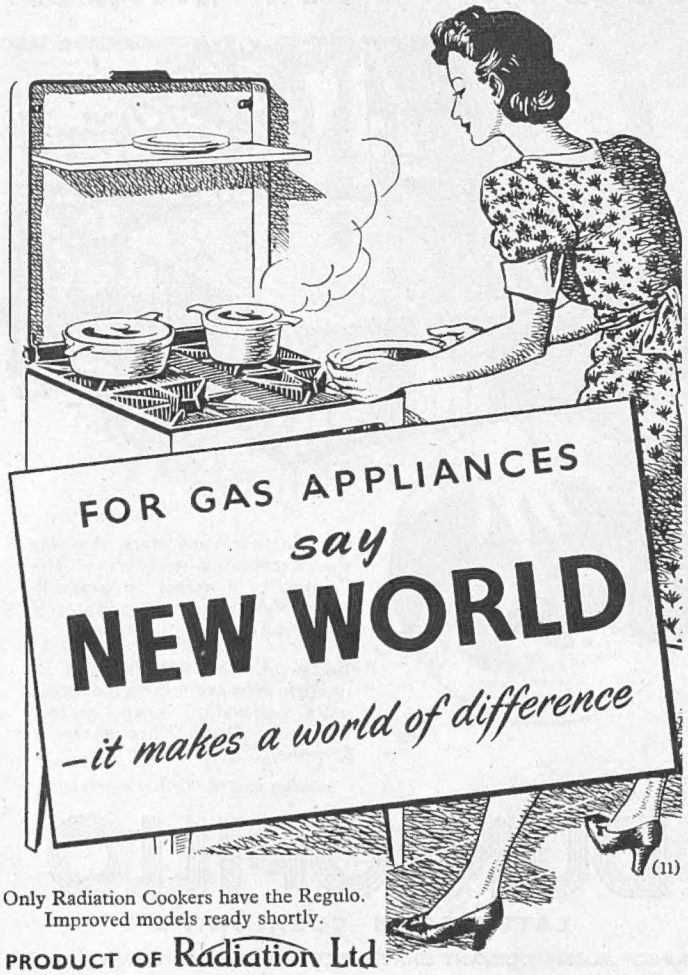
In a few moments, two people will come back into the room, close the door and settle down to toast their toes for another half hour before going to bed.

"Who are they?" you ask.

Two people whose energy has been sapped by the work and worry of the day... people who need the promise of deep sleep tonight and fresh vigour tomorrow... a promise most surely contained in those two glasses of Horlicks standing ready on the table.

Horlicks is still not plentiful, but the shops are sharing out what they have as fairly as possible.

HORLICKS



Only Radiation Cookers have the Regulo. Improved models ready shortly.

PRODUCT OF Radiation Ltd

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Why it is wise to say . . .

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Closely guarded by the makers of all good Vermouth is the exact method of preparation — the proportions of the aromatic herbs, and the method of introducing them to the wine. Fortunate in the possession of an ancient recipe, well tried and proved by time, the makers of Votrix Vermouth obtain the final perfection of flavour by using delicious wine from selected Empire grapes and blending it with aromatic herbs in the old and accepted traditional method. The result is public knowledge, yet, because Votrix is prepared in England it is still available at a fair price.

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PRODUCED AND BOTTLED BY VINE PRODUCTS LTD., KINGSTON, SURREY

CROSS STRIPES
for
SLENDERNESS
La Laine Leaflet 2198 gives full directions for this unusual jumper. Leaflet price 3d. or, 4d. post free.
LA LAINE
knitting wool
The choice of discriminating women

In difficulty write Bairns-Wear Ltd. Dept. LL 353. Nottingham

CVS—34

Hush — what goes on? Is it dreamland already?
It happened so suddenly! The splashing in the bath, and then the snuggling in the big towel, and the soothing with that softest Powder, and then . . . hardly a gap between wide-awakeness and sound-asleepness. Now comes a moment when a mother feels that the world is very complete.
Her baby sleeping, well nourished, well comforted, well loved.

Johnson's baby powder

the kindest powder in the world

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FOR LINOLEUM WOOD FLOORS AND FURNITURE

MANSION POLISH

FOR BRIGHT AND HEALTHY HOMES

"It's easy to see what you use on your furniture. Only 'Mansion' gives a shine like that."

"You're right — and doesn't it make the polishing easy!"

Use sparingly — still in short supply.

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One Shopping Day a Year!

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No longer an occasional event, shopping is now much more pleasant and convenient. In fact, to those familiar with the inviting and friendly atmosphere of W. H. Smith & Son's bookshops, it can be as leisurely as one likes to make it. And today, this is well worth considering.

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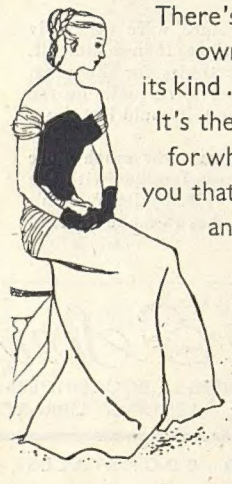

There's great satisfaction in owning something perfect of its kind . . . such as a Roussel Belt. It's the ideal foundation for whatever you're doing, giving you that smooth unbroken line and helping you to look always your charming best.

Roussel Belts

Individually tailored to your own measurements (for the time being only if you have a doctor's certificate.)

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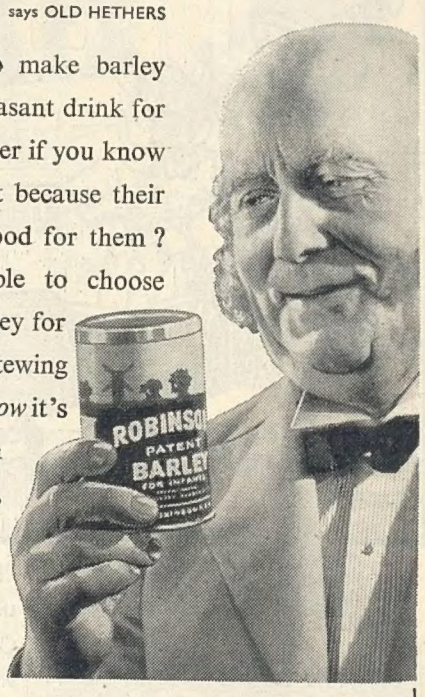
Now look at this tin,

says OLD HETHERS



You buy it, madam, to make barley water as a refreshing pleasant drink for your family. But I wonder if you know how many people buy it because their doctors tell them it's good for them? Well, you're all sensible to choose Robinson's 'Patent' Barley for it cuts out all the tedious stewing and straining, and you *know* it's clean for it's packed in sealed tins. Like you, madam, I look forward to the day when they put it up in bottles again.

Barley Water from
ROBINSON'S
'PATENT' BARLEY

CVS-109

Jester brings Colour wherever he goes

Whether you favour light blue or dark blue, yellow or crimson—you'll find your choice in the radiant hues of the Jester Range. Winners for colour, Jester Wools are winners for other qualities too. For warmth and cosy comfort, for softness and springiness. Remember if the Jester washing instructions are followed, Jester Wools will "Never Shrink from a Wash."

Jester Instruction Publications Nos. 1009 and 11 describe in detail the attractive garments illustrated above. Ask for them at the leading Wool Shop in your district.

"Never Shrink from a Wash"

Jester WOOLS FOR Gayer WEAR

THE JESTER COMPANY LTD. · ROMAN FORUM · LEICESTER

CARRERAS — 150 YEARS' REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

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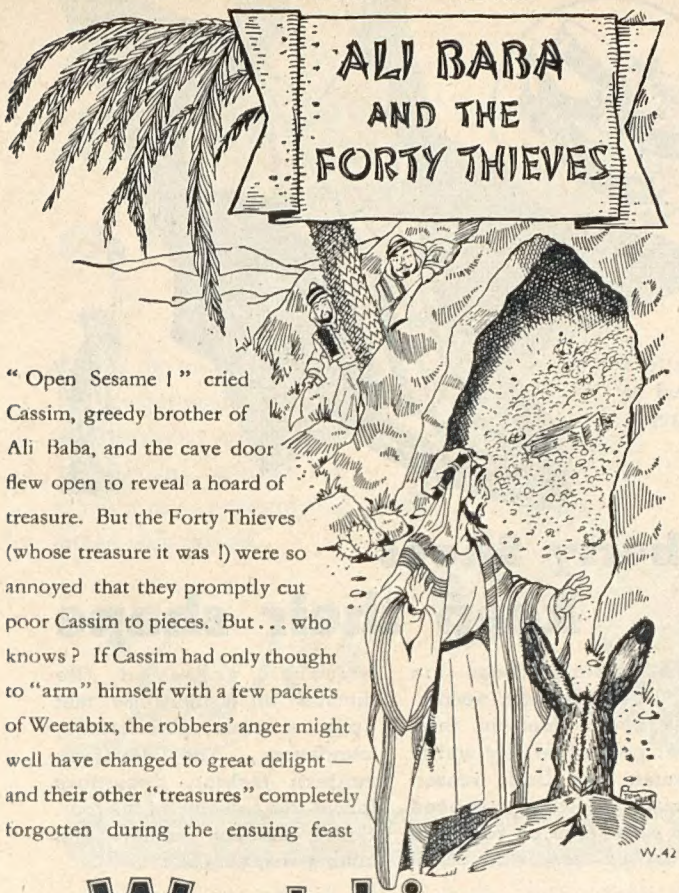
FAIRY TALES "CEREALISED" BY WEETABIX



"Open Sesame!" cried Cassim, greedy brother of Ali Baba, and the cave door flew open to reveal a hoard of treasure. But the Forty Thieves (whose treasure it was!) were so annoyed that they promptly cut poor Cassim to pieces. But... who knows? If Cassim had only thought to "arm" himself with a few packets of Weetabix, the robbers' anger might well have changed to great delight — and their other "treasures" completely forgotten during the ensuing feast

Weetabix

MORE than a Breakfast Food

Prices: 8½. (4 points). Large size 1/2d. (8 points). Sold everywhere. Supplies limited.
WEETABIX LTD., BURTON LATIMER, NORTHANTS.

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THE STANDARD
FOURTEEN COUPÉ
THE STANDARD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, COVENTRY
STANDARD CARS · FERGUSON TRACTORS · TRIUMPH CARS

Traditional quality
OLD SCOTCH WHISKY
in original OLD FASHIONED FLASK

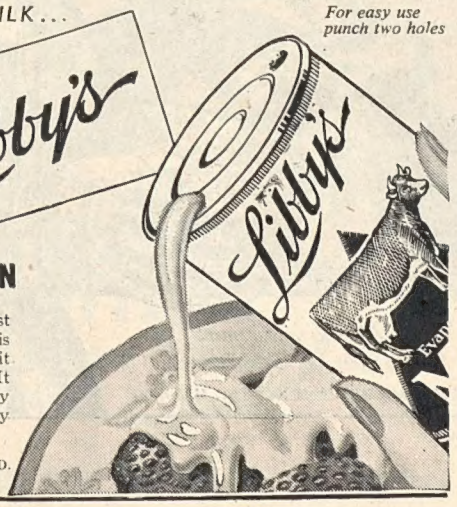
Unsurpassed in quality although restricted in distribution by scarcity of old stocks.

WILLIAM GRIGOR & SON
INVERNESS

FOR EVAPORATED MILK...

LOOK TO

For easy use punch two holes



FOR PERFECTION

Libby's full cream milk just as it comes from the tin is delicious in coffee, with fruit dishes, pies and puddings. It is twice as rich as ordinary milk so use diluted for every general cooking purpose.

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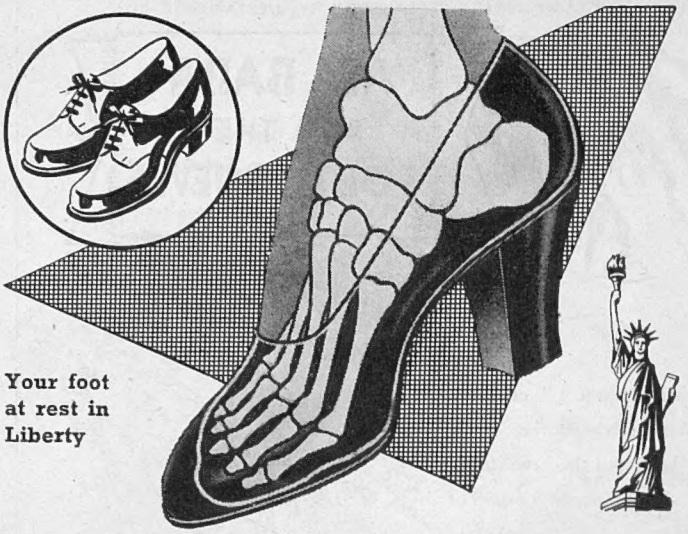
fine cosmetics



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Makers for 100 years of Howards' Tasteless Bicarbonate of Soda, etc.

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FOUNDATION CREAM
COMPLEXION MILK
CLEANSING CREAM
SKIN TONIC
FACE POWDER

Number Seven

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*for women who **will** have the best*

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I've got no time for

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Many busy women suffering from ASTHMA find *instant relief* and comfort through POTTER'S ASTHMA REMEDY. Simply wonderful for Bronchitis, Catarrh, Whooping Cough, Hay Fever, etc. 2/2.

POTTER'S *Asthma Remedy*

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Domestic bliss STARTS WITH THIS...

IT'S romances that are based upon practical planning that stay romantic. It gives them a flying start if the meals are things to look forward to, if the housewife isn't tied to the kitchen, and the kitchen itself is a place where things go smoothly. Best of all if the kitchen contains a MAIN cooker with its quick-heating hot-plate burners, efficient oven with Mainstat control, safety taps and easy-to-clean enamelled surfaces. If it has — that's one more home with a MAIN helping to keep it happy.

MAIN *gas cookers*

THE MAINSPRING OF THE MODERN HOME

℗N.7

They're precious! See they are

INSURED BY WOOL!

"Let's wait for the express . . . She's due in half an hour."
Come wind, come rain, wool's a fine insurance. Vest and pants, shirts, suits, overcoats . . . Wool, their first clothing, will always give them good protection. *Never* take them out of it.

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How to be a well-dressed Wedge shoe **by 'Meltonian'**

A word to the wedge! If a woman feels comfortable when she's well-dressed, so does a shoe. If you two wedge shoes are well-dressed with Meltonian Cream, you'll *stay* comfy for years. What's that? You're a bit off-colour? I'll keep you supple, shapely, and shining gaily in your true colours. If it's the last squeak that comes out of you, murmur 'Meltonian' to your mistress!

Meltonian
SHOE CREAM

Now in Handitubes as well as Dumpiiars

WILL R. ROSE LTD
23, Bridge St. Row, Chester
133/134, High Street, Oxford
25, The Promenade, Cheltenham
and get 'MAGNA' Prints (Reg.)

BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 34, No. 4 APRIL, 1947

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Contents for April

Oliver Cromwell, born 25th April, 1599; died 3rd September, 1658

The Long Parliament no longer had any claim to represent the nation and Cromwell saw that its dissolution would not be unpopular. On April 20, 1653, he entered the House with a company of soldiers and ordered them to clear the House. Pointing to the mace he said: "What shall we do with this fools' bauble? Here, carry it away!"

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by *Critchlow*

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 76. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

The Inland Postage for this issue is 3d.

Doctors Prove 2 out of 3 Women can have Lovelier Skin in 14 days!

Why come to a party—if you're going to spend all your time in the powder room, Claire? Come on out and dance!
Who's going to ask a girl with a complexion like mine?
Just look at my complexion! Dingy, drab, dull and oily!
Claire, why don't you try the 14-Day Palmolive Plan? 36 doctors—leading skin specialists—tested this Plan on 1285 women and proved it can bring a lovelier complexion to 2 out of 3 . . . in just 14 days!
The Palmolive Plan is easy, too! For here is all you have to do:
A Wash your face with Palmolive Soap!
B Then, for 60 seconds, massage with Palmolive's soft, lovely lather. Rinse!
C Do this 3 times a day for 14 days. This cleansing massage brings your skin Palmolive's full beautifying effect!

YOU, TOO, may look for these skin improvements in only 14 days!

- Brighter, cleaner skin . . . . . .
- Less dryness . . . . . .
- Less oiliness . . . . . .
- Smoother skin . . . . . .
- Better tone . . . . . .
- Fresher, clearer colour . . . . . .

If you want a complexion the envy of every woman — the admiration of every man — start the 14-Day Palmolive Plan tonight! Remember the Palmolive Plan was tested on 1,285 women of all ages — from fifteen to fifty — with all types of skin. Dry! Oily! Normal! Young! Older! And 2 out of 3 of these women got noticeable complexion improvements in just 14 days! No matter what beauty care they had used before. Reason enough for every woman who longs for a lovelier complexion to start this new Beauty Plan with Palmolive Soap!

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

4d. Including tax

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Britannia and Eve

Elizabethans at the Archery Butts.

On the signal, Heineman flung himself face downwards to the ground

Riddle In The Lethal Bulb

A Short Story

By

C. V. Tench

HANS ALEXANDER, chief of the Berlin Police (Berliner Geheimpolizie), was both incensed and troubled. The telephone call he had just received from the French Embassy had asked bluntly if the Berlin police were making any progress in their investigation into the strange and sudden death six days before of a French citizen, young Mademoiselle Violette Dufour. The French official had added that the French Sûreté now intended taking a hand in the case and that Chief Alexander might expect Monsieur Alphonse Bertillon to call upon him soon.

"Why," Chief Alexander enquired of Chief-Detective-Inspector Karl Heineman, his right-hand man, "are they so insistent about a heart attack case?"

"But we must not forget, Chief," replied Heineman, a small, wizened, middle-aged man dressed in ill-fitting, rumpled clothes—but one of the cleverest man-hunters in Europe—"that she was rich and very prominent socially. Also, the manner of her death was very, very strange, to say the least. She had been robbed, you know."

"Yes, that is true," admitted Chief Alexander. "But a sneak-thief might have come by and, seeing the girl lying there dead, seized the opportunity to rob her."

"No." Abruptly Heineman shed his mild manner and leaned forward. "Let us review the whole case from the beginning.

"Just after four o'clock on the morning of June 6th the night watchman in the Dufour mansion in the Goethe Strasse found the family car, with lights on and engine running, halted at the entrance to the garage. The door nearest the driver's seat was open, and Mlle. Dufour lay sprawled there, with her head and shoulders hanging out of the machine. The watchman at once notified us, and you and I, together with Dr. Hohner, hastened to the scene. Dr. Hohner at once examined Mlle. Dufour and pronounced her dead. But, excepting for the fact that her face and finger-tips were blue, there was nothing to indicate the cause of her sudden death."

"The bluish tinge supports the heart failure opinion," Chief Alexander pointed out.

"I think that it rather indicates poison," Heineman replied.

"Poison!" Chief Alexander jerked erect. "But the autopsy revealed no trace of poison. Furthermore, we have traced Mlle. Dufour's movements for several hours before her death. In company with others, she dined at the Friederichshof. From there she and her companions went to the Hansa Club, where for several hours they played baccarat. In fact, it was the girl's lucky night, for she won a large sum.

"From there she went to Negri's, where she and her companions drank cocktails for a time. Then, shortly after two o'clock, Mlle. Dufour drove away alone in her car. Two hours later she was found dead. Poison! What poison could she have consumed that would have taken so long to take effect and then acted practically instantaneously?"

"That I do not yet know," Heineman admitted, "but I still believe that Mlle. Dufour was poisoned—and intentionally."

"And I think that you're wrong," Chief Alexander retorted. "No trace of any wound, no sign of foul play, nothing but the fact that she was robbed of all her jewellery and a large sum of money."

"Isn't that sufficient motive for murder?"

"Yes," Chief Alexander agreed. "But who, apart from her companions of the evening, knew of her winnings? And her companions are above reproach; all officers of the Blue Guard. In fact, her immediate escort was Prinz Ludwig von Stolzheim."

"I agree," Heineman nodded. "Just the same, I still think that Mlle. Dufour was poisoned, even as I now believe that Baron Flostoff was murdered."

"Baron Flostoff!" Chief Alexander started violently. "But what—— Why, medical evidence proved that Baron Flostoff had a diseased heart which brought about his sudden death."

"Medical men sometimes err," Heineman pointed out. "I think there is a definite connection between the deaths."

"But——"

"Connection and similarity," Heineman interrupted. "Let us compare the two cases.

"Two months ago, at four o'clock in the morning, Baron Flostoff's lodge-keeper found the baron's car, with lights full on and engine running, drawn up just outside the main gates. Baron Flostoff was lying half in and half out of his car.

Stepping forward he snatched off the captive's hat, revealing a woman's long hair. "Rosa Varech," he said triumphantly, "disguised as a man"

He was dead; had apparently collapsed in the act of getting out of his car to open the gates, even as Mlle. Dufour apparently collapsed.

"You'll recall that we investigated fully and learned that only that evening the baron had been paid a large sum of money in a business deal. The money was not on his person. There was no sign of foul play, but, immediately after we questioned him, Baron Flostoff's secretary, Constantino Ranesco, disappeared."

"I agree, there are similarities in the two cases," Chief Alexander nodded. "But, I know you well enough, Karl, to realise you would not be so positive unless you had discovered something more."

"I have," Heineman admitted, taking two small envelopes from a pocket. Shaking out the contents upon a sheet of white paper, he asked: "What does that look like?"

"Eh?" Chief Alexander examined the glittering, dust-like particles closely. "Why, it looks to me like powdered glass."

"Exactly," Heineman nodded, carefully funnelling the tiny fragments back into the two envelopes. "Glass. And they are from a bulb of some kind, as, when greatly enlarged, they appear definitely curved.

"Using a small suction-pump," he went on, "I recovered the first small quantity of powdered glass from the fur collar of the overcoat Baron Flostoff was wearing at the time of his death. When, using the same method, I also recovered powdered glass from Mlle. Dufour's hair, I came to the conclusion that both the baron and the girl were poisoned."

"Poisoned! But why? How? Please explain more fully," Chief Alexander urged.

"I wish I could," Heineman replied, "but just now I cannot. But I do believe that this powdered glass has something to do with the sudden deaths—let's be blunt and say murder—of both people. I also recall that one of my men said something about finding fragments of glass on the clothing of a woman found dead late one night on a dark street. But, as in these later cases, her death was attributed to heart failure."

"Agreed." Chief Alexander drummed on his desk with his finger-tips. "Just the same, Karl, this is all just theorising; actually we have nothing concrete to go on."

"Yes," Heineman nodded. "But perhaps we will get a lead from some totally unexpected quarter."

With that, little realising how prophetic was his utterance, Heineman took his leave.

TWO days later Chief Alexander sent for Heineman.

"Look!" he exclaimed, as soon as Heineman sat down. "Here, perhaps, is a lead to your dust-of-death cases." He handed over a letter.

Heineman examined the letter closely. "A cheap envelope and one single sheet of cheap note-paper," he commented. "And posted only this morning at Moabit, the hub of the underworld."

"Never mind all that," Chief Alexander interrupted. "Read it."

Carefully, Heineman read:

"Perhaps you already suspect the truth. Violette Dufour was murdered, as were Baron Flostoff and others. I can tell you all, but if I attempted to call at police headquarters I should be killed before I reached there. To-night, between eleven and midnight, come to No. 19, Heringsgasse, Moabit. But,

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWARD O. SMOND

I warn you, come disguised as poor labourers or tramps."

There was no signature.

"Well?" Chief Alexander asked as Heineman finished reading.

"I'd say it's genuine," Heineman replied thoughtfully. "This was written by a very frightened man."

"That is my impression, too, and we shall keep the appointment."

Using public conveyances, Chief Alexander and Heineman arrived at Moabit just after eleven that night. Silently and warily they made their way along the Heringsgasse, a narrow street hemmed in with ancient, dilapidated buildings that seemed to shut that street of crime off from the rest of the world.

"A well-dressed, prosperous-looking man wouldn't last two minutes in this district," Chief Alexander whispered as they walked. "Thieves would crawl out from these apparently empty buildings, club him to death, rob him and vanish in no time."

Heineman nodded silent agreement.

And then they reached No. 19, a tumbledown house whose uncurtained, dirty windows revealed neither lights nor the slightest sign of life.

"We dare not hesitate," Chief Alexander whispered as they picked their way up the broken steps, "but we may be walking into a trap. Is your gun ready?"

"Yes," Heineman whispered in reply. "But I do not think it is a trap."

But their approach must have been watched, for even as they halted before the door it opened a crack and they were aware that they were being scrutinised by someone within. Finally, the door opened wider and in a whisper they were bidden to enter.

"But can't we have a light?" Chief Alexander asked, as they groped their way along a narrow hallway into a room.

"No," replied the man who had admitted them. "I dare not risk a light. This place is supposed to be unoccupied. If they knew I was here——"

"They? Who?" Chief Alexander asked as the speaker broke off.

"S-sh!" came warningly, quiveringly. "Not so loud. See! Across the street is Kampf's Tavern, where thieves, murderers and worse hang out. I have been watching it night and day for a long time. I am looking for the one who killed and robbed my employer and who killed and robbed the woman I loved—Violette Dufour. The one who has killed others, and will continue to kill and kill unless he is caught."

"Your employer?" Heineman exclaimed, leaning forward and trying to make out the face of the shadowy form in front of him. "Then you must be Constantino Ranesco."

"I am," came tensely. "But you would hardly know me now even if you could see me. Ever since Baron Flostoff was killed I have lived like this; hardly eating, hardly sleeping, living only for vengeance and in constant fear of my own life."

"Well, Ranesco, if it is really you," Chief Alexander said doubtfully, "and if you are in fear of your life, then why did you not come to us for protection?"

"Protection?" Ranesco asked quiveringly. "Do you think that all of your policemen could save me from a man who kills without compunction? A man who places no value at all upon human life? A man who has invented some fearful weapon that kills silently, instantly and from a distance? No! I dare not leave this place until the man is captured."

"Don't be so melodramatic!" Chief Alexander chided brusquely. "Come! We will take you back to headquarters with us."

"No, no!" Ranesco recoiled in terror. "None of us would get out of the Heringsgasse alive. Scores of pairs of eyes watched your arrival and will watch you go. If I were to accompany you—— Well, I know only too well what will happen. But that is not all." He craned forward, clenched fists upraised. "Since Violette was killed life holds little for me. But I do want revenge. I shall not leave here until I have seen this murderer captured. I want to see him executed."

"Ranesco," said Chief Alexander quietly, in an effort to calm the man, "those things don't happen any more. But tell us why you sent for us; tell us all you know."

"Well." Ranesco's voice steadied. "Here it is:

"Working with the mystery killer is a woman named Rosa Varech. She is charming, educated, accomplished and moves in the best circles of society. She acts as the decoy. Often at night, dressed in a man's shabby clothing, she visits Kampf's Tavern across the street.

"I was at the Hansa Club with Baron Flostoff on the night he was killed. Rosa Varech was also there, and the baron told her of the large sum of money he had just received in the business deal. When we left the club I saw Rosa signal to a taxi driver, who drove hurriedly away. I then went on home, but I believe that the baron and Rosa Varech went on to Negri's for cocktails. The next thing I knew I was being routed out of

bed and informed that Baron Flostoff had been found dead. They said that he died of heart failure. That is not so. He was a strong and healthy man. I know that he was murdered.

" And then Violette! Perhaps I, a secretary, should not have aspired to her hand; just the same I loved her. They say that she also died of heart failure. No! Somehow the unknown murderer learned of the large sum she had won at baccarat at the Hansa Club that night. Like my employer, Violette was also murdered and robbed."

" Who is this murderer and what more can you tell us? " Heineman urged gently as Ranesco choked on a sob.

" I don't know his name yet, but I will learn it, never fear," Ranesco answered. " I have a spy in Kampf's Tavern, a man whom I befriended some years ago. He will find out more for me. But this much I can tell you. Shortly after you finished questioning me about the death of Baron Flostoff, Rosa Varech visited me. But do you know all that she wanted of me? It may surprise you."

" Well, what? " Chief Alexander asked impatiently.

" She wanted to know if the police had found any glass-dust on Baron Flostoff's clothing."

" What? " Chief Alexander and Heineman started.

" I gather that makes sense to you," Ranesco went on. " To me, Rosa Varech's strange interest suggested that she knows the nature of the devilish weapon the killer uses."

" Definitely," Chief Alexander agreed. " And what else? "

" That is all now," Ranesco replied. " But I 've used up all my money bribing my spy in Kampf's Tavern. If you could leave me some money, it would help to retain his services. I should also like a pistol."

For a long moment Chief Alexander hesitated, then taking out his wallet placed some money upon the rough table and laid his revolver beside it.

Turning, Ranesco then led the way down the dark hallway. Opening the door a crack he peered in all directions, then silently urged Chief Alexander and Heineman outside.

The first thing Chief Alexander did the next morning was to issue instructions that Rosa Varech—despite the fact that to all intents and purposes she was merely a well-to-do socialite — be shadowed day and night.

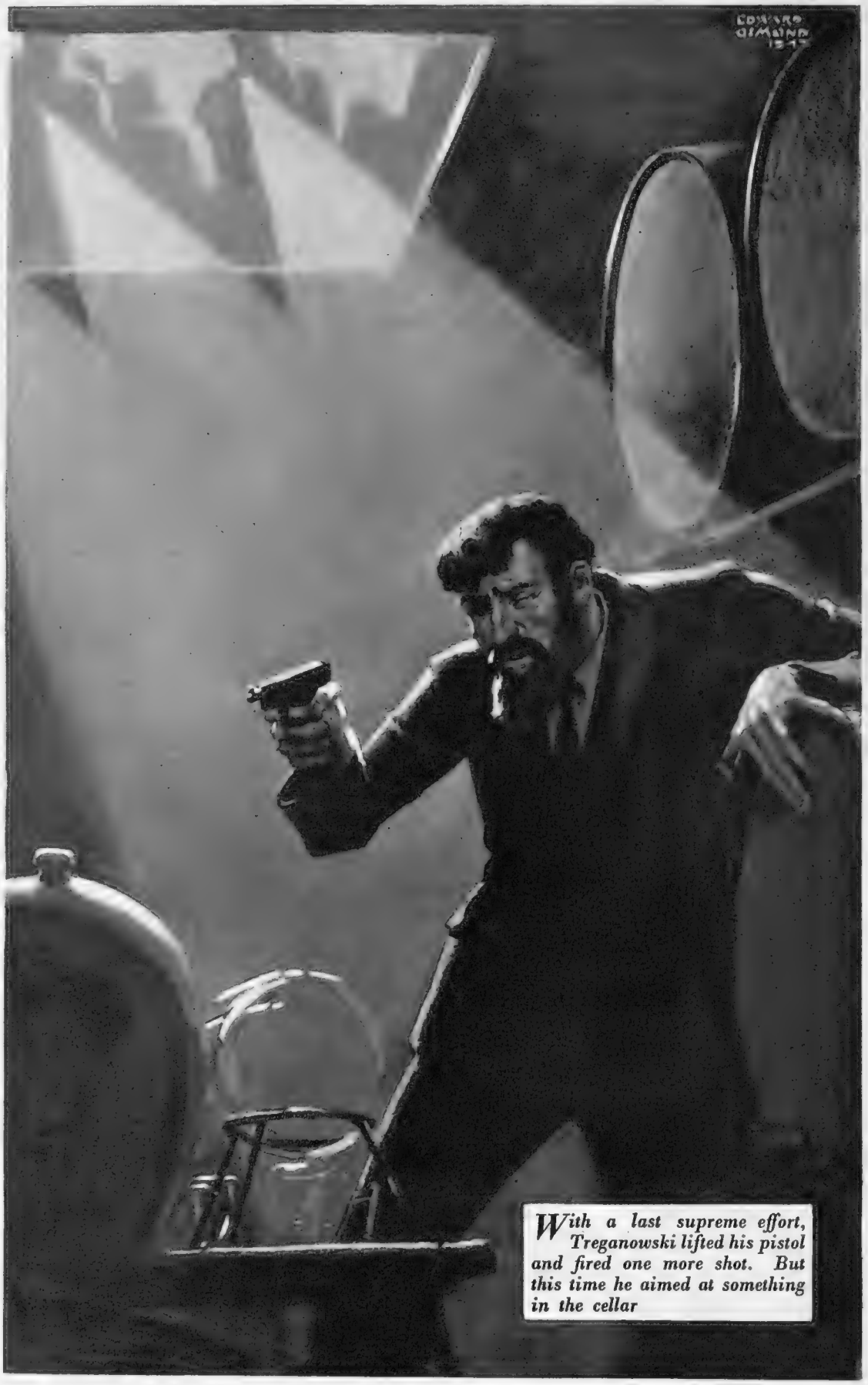
And then Chief Alexander received the expected visit from Monsieur Alphonse Bertillon of the French Sûreté. Greetings exchanged and cigars glowing, Chief Alexander recounted all known details to date.

" So! " Bertillon commented. " But perhaps this Ranesco is suffering from delusions, the mania of fancied persecution. After all, Baron Flostoff and Mlle. Dufour might have died natural deaths and a prowling thief, chancing upon them lying dead, might have robbed them."

" I leaned to that belief myself," Chief Alexander admitted, " until my interview with Ranesco. Now I am positive that both Baron Flostoff and Mlle. Dufour were murdered."

" Positive? " Bertillon raised his eyebrows.

" Yes," replied Chief Alexander. " And for this reason: Why did Rosa Varech ask Ranesco if (*Continued on page 59.*)



With a last supreme effort, Treganowski lifted his pistol and fired one more shot. But this time he aimed at something in the cellar

Welcome The Self-Supplying Tourist

By Ferdinand Tuohy

PEOPLE whose jobs have repeatedly taken them abroad in the past two years are by now well versed in the revolution that has taken place in the matter of their personal baggage—contents of. Where formerly reposed clothes for this and clothes for that, an excess in every line and superfluous oddments in quantity, today every scrap of packing space is jammed either with bedrock necessities or with stuff carefully thought out in relation to the country one is going to.

For France, one takes things one doesn't take for Belgium; packing for Italy and packing for Denmark are two entirely different stories; and packing for Germany or Austria is a positive exercise in the art of travel self-sufficiency.

Over a great deal of the way, how much room has to be found for things that one used to be able to pick up almost anywhere, in any country! Just take my own case. If I am headed for a deprived land, I have to think first of food and comestibles. The fifteen pounds weight one is allowed to take out of the country has to be judiciously split up among such things as tinned meats and milk, tea, coffee and margarine, sugar, marmalade, dry biscuits, pastes and soups, a sauce, dehydrated stuff, chocolate, and one or two special fancies.

As a matter of fact, I take this assortment whether it is a deprived land, or not, that I'm headed for, since the chances are that the undeprived lands are far too dear, and that one has to be ready to "fill in" while sojourning in them, out of one's own resources.

Illustrations by Edgar Spenceley

Then there's the room that has to be found for things promised for friends, maybe presents, or maybe it is stuff for bartering which is quite recognized and highly useful here and there. For example, the next time I go back, I'm going to bring some cocoa, by request, and I'm going to get some Tokay for it, also by request. (I trust H.M's Customs are listening, for this whole story is up their street.) Then think of the extra space that has to be found for several weeks smoking and reading, to say nothing of washing and otherwise maintaining an hygienic front, and for the personal indispensables that one invariably takes along.

I HAVE packed fuel along with cooking apparatus, and "barest office equipment" in order to carry on with my job. And somehow it has all gone into much the same cubic space as, of old, used to be elegantly lain with evening clothes, beach attire, extra light overcoat. Instead of that, the current contents of one's luggage suggest rather an ambulatory cupboard. We did not realize it, but we were really pioneering a form of new, self-supplying tourism which corresponds to the existing condition of shortage, and more, in several countries near at hand, and is likely to remain with us quite a while, if not longer, since the new trend has an attractive independent side, besides its expediency. The guiding idea is to equip oneself against assured deficiencies abroad—viewed from the standpoint of one's own purchasing capacity there—and to be in a position to supplement where the need for this has been amply demonstrated.

The definition may be worth noting, since the new trend has already led to a muddle-headed misconception. When it became known that a since deceased American Ambassador to Britain had shipped two months' food ahead of him, so as not to be a burden to a deprived country, someone had the bright idea: why shouldn't the thousands of American tourists that we expect this year, bring over stocks of food with them?

Where formerly reposed clothes for this and that—to-day every scrap of space is crammed with necessities

Why indeed not? Didn't our own Board of Trade recognize the principle long ago in allowing British subjects going abroad, to supplement matters to their own advantage and that of the countries they visited? Then why shouldn't Americans, Swedes and Swiss be encouraged to do the same, only on a larger scale, when visiting Britain—especially after Shinwell's Snowstorm?

Let's get things straight. We want tourists at once, so as to augment our invisible exports to the extent of what they spend here. I fail to see anything approaching the £100,000,000 that has been held up as a realizable target, not (*Continued on page* 62)

Room has to be found for stuff for bartering which is quite recognized and highly successful

Building

IN the Minister's room in the big white corner Whitehall block housing the Ministry of Health sits the marshal, pondering his 1947 problem. He's built like one of those Russian generals, solid, chunky, with a broad low brow, challenging jowl, and a surcharge of energy. His Chief of Staff had laid on the table the latest report from the battlefronts. How do things look as spring ushers in the campaigning season after the winter slow-down?

Well, not so good. February failure of the power supply through coal shortage upset the supply position, as envisaged when 1947 campaign plans were worked out. Snow, freeze-ups, transport dislocation, ice and blizzards, retarded completion of winter work programmes. Rapidly rising prices imperil that fourth of the 1947 programme granted to the guerillas—those private enterprisers given some 75,000 houses to get up out of 1947's total 300,000.

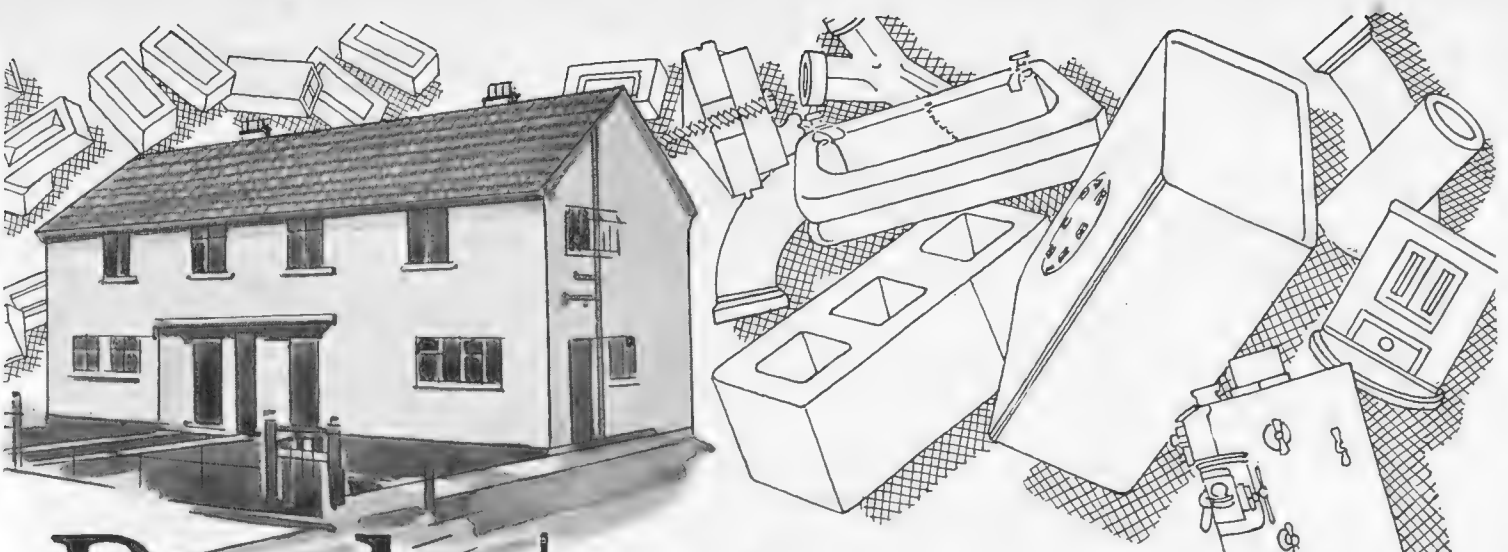
In 1946 Marshal Nye Bevan saw the guerillas build more houses than his regulars could complete. But they were working on stocks mostly acquired at 1945 and early-1946 prices. For 1947, he reckoned his regulars, the local authorities, favoured by tightened regulations, the 1-for-4 licence issuing ratio, the ability to place bulk contracts, and other advantageous factors, would race ahead, and finish the year with 220,000 houses completed from solid ground floor to concrete-tile roof, and from bath-tub to coal-bin. As things stand now, the housing marshal will rate a triumph, first-class, with laurel wreath and band, if he can tick off "300,000 new houses" at the year's end.

Not that this is the end of the campaign story. Far from it. If it's finished according to plan, it will take ten years, and cost £6,000,000,000 or more. By that time, 5,000,000 new small houses—each weighing anything from 80 to 100 tons, squatting on five or six tons of concrete raft, and good for a century of life—will house as many or more families, paying rent to the local-authority owner. That's a big building job—history's biggest. Beside it, large building projects like the Pyramids, the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, St. Peter's, Versailles Palace, and New York's Rockefeller Centre, shrink to comparative insignificance. Each of those structures took more than a decade to build. Each is architecturally more intricate than a £1,200, 1,000-superficial-feet, brick-built Bevan. But as a building job, the lot combined, with all the Gothic cathedrals thrown in, were simple, measured against the enormous complexity of getting 5,000,000 houses built and equipped to modern standards, between 1946 and 1956, to area and money limits, and within the rent-paying capacity of the small-income majority of the population.

THIS housing headache is no new one. Nor is it confined to Socialist Britain. With limitless materials, and powers far beyond those longed for by the most impatient of British collective planners, the Russians have been relatively slower than the British, their costs as high, their standards abysmally lower. The Swedes, rich in construction materials, have had to inaugurate spare-time six-months' building courses for their citizenry, so that they can build their own houses. The headlong Americans planned for 2,700,000 new houses for war heroes by 1947, but that mirage vanished when price controls collapsed in mid-1946. In some American cities families have been living in chicken-coops and abandoned tramcars. Rising costs, slack labour, shortages and black markets have boosted the cost of a small family house, approximating the 1,000-square-feet-£1,200-cost British maximum-size two-storey house, to between £2,000 and £2,500.

For the answer to this building riddle one has to go backstage of building, where time, money, materials and skills are all mixed up and falling over one another.

It takes three to nine months to build an ordinary family-size brick house. An architect-tailored job takes about a year. The only houses of that kind being built, however, are those which replace a war-destroyed house, and get the



Backstage

requisite special licence for rebuilding as before. Those approximate building times are if there is no hold up due to weather or failure of some essential supply or labour. Last year, progress stopped on houses for lack of roof tiles, or plasterers, or electrical fittings.

Bricks And Mortar Are Not The Whole Story Of A House. They're Not Half Or A Quarter Of The Story

By C. Patrick Thompson

IT'S been reckoned that a five-roomed house requires about 45,000 separate operations, mostly carried out by hand labour. You can guess the degree of organization at top political-planning and industrial levels required to secure a smooth run of even 100,000 new houses a year, let alone 300,000 and 500,000, all with complicating space and cost limits clapped on.

Into the making of a traditional brick house goes the toil and skill of about fifty categories of workers. On the job you see only the handlers of finished or semi-prepared materials delivered for cutting to size, or fixing in place. Bricklayers, carpenters, electricians, plumbers, plasterers, tilers, painters. The big army is busy backstage.

Clay is dug, processed, shaped in wooden moulds, baked in kilns for weeks to make bricks. Lime, once processed on the site, is prepared in mills alongside the chalk deposit, and sacked for immediate use by bricklayer and plasterer on the building job. Roof tiles are made of clay or concrete in factories—a small house will use 8,000 to 10,000, fixed to the battens nailed to two-by-four rafters notched into the wall plates and butted against the ridge board. Plaster, ground and mixed in immense air-conditioned plants, is compressed and hardened off between sheets of tough paper to make plaster-board for nailing to two-by-four wooden studs, for partition walls, or two-by-seven joists for ceilings—the modern prefabricated ceiling replacing the old-fashioned lath-and-plaster.

Trees are felled in the forest, topped, shipped off to distant sawmills, sliced by huge circular saws, sized and smoothed by power planes. In the joiner's shop the wood-workers make window frames and doors, for delivery through the builder's merchant to the builder whose carpenter will fit and hang them in the house exterior and interior walls. And the carpenter who knew pre-war work looks at the post-war stuff, and sighs or groans like a man nostalgic for two-inch steaks and seven-course meals, and does his best with ill-seasoned minimum-size timber members which before the war a jerry-builder would have blushed to use—but that was in the days when there was so much good timber that the Russians and the Canadians cut one another's price-throats to dump the stuff in the British market, and wood was so cheap that it could be wasted without making any appreciable difference to building costs.

The difference between pre-war and post-war ply is the difference between the cheap tailor's off-the-peg suit, and the product of Saville Row and Albemarle Street, only more so. And that's another backstage industrial process requiring, besides the essential raw material, logs, batteries of expensive cutting machines for paring thin strips off the log revolving on its axis, and high-powered pressing machines, and drying apparatus, and strong glue. Glue doesn't drop from the skies, either. No glue, no ply. Scarce glue, scarce and more costly ply.

And don't think you can substitute asbestos sheet for ply, or for the expensive boards to close the gap between fascia-concealed roof rafter ends, and house wall, the bit of construction called a soffit. Asbestos sheet, you'd think, would be like aluminium after the war's insatiable maw had stopped swallowing it in enormous quantities: a material so cheap and plentiful that the problem would be to find enough outlets for it to keep even an essential part of existing plant profitably operating. But asbestos is harder to get for building than timber. All the raw materials that go to make asbestos, and the machinery and skilled labour, are concentrated on production of prefabricated dwellings for temporary use—prefabs with asbestos walls and asbestos-cement sheet roofs.

(*Continued on page* 69)

Reflections On
April Folly

By
Wilma Buckley

APRIL is the month of proverbial fickleness, of variability and inconstancy. The gateway to spring and summer, it leads us out of the drab tunnel of winter into the light and the sunshine.

It is, perhaps, for this reason that April so often demonstrates the irresponsible side of human nature. April 1—All Fools' Day—ushers in a more frivolous outlook with suitable gestures; we are all liable to be taken-in, if not by each other, then by that April sunshine and its tricky illusion of staying-power.

April Fools' Day is a survival of the ancient and universal celebration of the vernal equinox, festivities that began on March 25 (New Year's Day, according to the old calendar) and ended in a riotous climax on April 1. April fooling—the sending of people on false errands, the playing of practical jokes—was not only a European custom but practised as far afield as India.

Poissons d'Avril, as April fools are termed in France, may have some association with the zodiacal sign of Pisces. In Scotland the custom of making April fools was known as "hunting the gowk"—the "gowk" being a cuckoo; this unfortunate bird symbolizing the deluded and foolish here as elsewhere!

It was not until the beginning of the eighteenth century that April fooling became a regular habit in this country, attaining its full flowering under the joke-loving Edwardians of the early nineteen-hundreds. One may well visualize the effects of those elaborate preparations, those intricate schemes, for a successful perpetration of every form of practical joke on All Fools' Day—the forged letter of romantic assignation; the false telegram, announcing a rich relative's demise; the sealed and registered parcel containing exactly nothing; the artfully misleading telephone message, involving the recipient in a maze of misunderstanding. It is as well for our frayed nerves that we are now seldom called upon to see the humour of such time- and temper-wasting artifices.

Entirely due to a coincidence, but appropriately enough, it was in April (the April of 1848) that a singularly large-scale instance of collective or contagious excitement took place. The Chartists—a body of workers clamouring for a People's Charter—had announced a mass meeting, half a million strong, to assemble on Kennington Common on April 10, followed by a procession to the House of Commons with a petition bearing no less than six million signatures. This announcement (believed on the spot) caused a sudden and panicky alarm; perhaps the authorities imagined uprisings and mob-rule on the lines of the French Revolution? The military were hastily organized, under the command of the Duke of Wellington, to "cover" the route of the procession (which was prohibited in any event, but no chances were to be taken), the Bank of England and other institutions being put into a state of defence. Special constables were voluntarily enrolled from "all walks of life" (these included Louis Napoleon, afterwards Emperor of France) until, so it is said, some 170,000 were ready and prepared for the fray.

But there *was* no fray. Instead of half a million rebellious Chartists, a bare 20,000 gathered on Kennington Common; little or no attempt was made to form the much-dreaded procession, and the petition (in sections) was forwarded by cab to the House of Commons.

It was in April, too (the April of 1817) that a mysterious young woman first appeared in a Gloucestershire village in the opening stages of her imposture as the vaguely "Oriental" Caraboo, Princess of Jevasu; an imposture that eventually took her to Bath and a successful sojourn in the befooled and bamboozled *beau monde*—until her recognition, as a Devonshire servant girl, by a boarding-house keeper with whom she had once lodged, ended in her emigration to America.

It was, reputedly, in April (1762) that the celebrated Cock Lane ghost attracted so much public attention that visits to this "haunted" house became a routine matter for curiosity-mongers—among them, no less a personage than Doctor Johnson. Thirty-three, Cock Lane, Smithfield (now vanished), tenanted by the Parsons family, was the scene of rappings, scratchings, and various other unpleasant manifestations of a poltergeist nature, together with the apparition of Mrs. Kent, a former inhabitant of the house who had died there. The evident object of all the publicity given to these hauntings by the Parsons was the suggestion that Mrs. Kent had been murdered by her husband (possibly with a view to blackmailing him). Whatever the motive, Parsons derived no small profit from the thrill-seeking crowds who so willingly paid an "entrance fee" for admission to the house.

After a prodigious amount of investigation, it was found that the disturbances were produced by the Parsons' daughter, aged eleven—and Parsons and his wife were prosecuted and pilloried for their pains. One may imagine the discomfiture of all those impressionables on realizing that they had so thoroughly been made fools of by a child!

Fireflies In October

A Romance Of War And Peace

By Laurence Kirk

ANDREW LARG had not liked the idea of Caroline having her first baby in a hospital even if she were to have a private room; but he had become completely reconciled once he had paid a visit to the Royal Asmonic. Not only was it a marvel of organization and equipment, but it had something else which was often lacking in such institutions. Humanity. He became aware of that when he first stepped into the lofty entrance hall where anxious relatives sometimes had to wait when it was a sudden emergency or an accident case. On each side of the wall facing the entrance there was a large notice to say NO SMOKING; and at the same time on each of the four tables, set in a cluster of four comfortable chairs, some thoughtful person had placed an ashtray.

On this occasion he did not have to wait in the entrance hall. He knew his way along the long shining passage; for Caroline had already been in the hospital four days, and there had been no cause for any particular alarm until half an hour earlier when they had rung up to say that they would have to operate immediately. Caroline was already under the anaesthetic when he arrived. It was to be a caesarean; and even if everything went as well as it possibly could, it would not only be Caroline's first baby, but her last as well.

Andrew went on down the long shining passage, turned left along another passage just as long and just as shining, and half way down came to the sister's office. This was an oblong alcove opening out of the passage, without any partition or door. It had a long low window at the far end which looked on the centre courtyard, and it was furnished with good modern office furniture and red leather chairs.

Sister was sitting at her desk which had a vase of flowers on it. She was tall and fair with very blue eyes, and she stood up when she saw Andrew.

"I'm glad you got the message, Mr. Larg," she said simply. "We couldn't let you know any earlier."

Andrew shook her hand.

"Have they started?" he asked.

"They're in the theatre," she told him. "It will be some time yet, but you can wait here if you like. It's less public than the waiting room upstairs."

Andrew thanked her and sat down. She gave him a magazine and an ashtray, and went on with her work. She did not tell him any more and he refrained from asking. He knew that she was a truthful woman and that he would get nothing less than the truth if he did ask. And he knew as much of the truth as she did.

The courtyard outside the window had an oval lily pond in the centre with white and red and yellow lilies in bloom. Andrew did not attempt to look at the magazine; but he lit a cigarette and sat, very still, gazing at the lilies. That stillness of his was a by-product of the war. He had learned to steady his thoughts by a complete immobility. It had seemed a help somehow when he

SISTER was at her desk which had a vase of flowers on it. She was tall and fair with very blue eyes, and she stood up when she saw Andrew

was queueing for a bus that did not arrive or listening to a bomb that was already falling. It was a help now when the seconds seemed longer than ever with Caroline in danger.

It was dusk by now and the water-lilies were already closed for the night. It was the dusk of a warm August day—a rather special August day, for it had always been thought of, both before and since, as VJ-Day. And in it, time had completed a curious circle of its own. For twenty-seven years earlier, in November instead of August, another woman had missed in exactly the same way the victory celebrations of another war. And that woman was his mother.

This complete circle of time seemed to bring his whole life within the compass of the moment. He could not tell the past from the present; and it was almost as though he were the child who was not yet born, who would not be born till nearly midnight, when the wild crowds were surging down the Strand in the November dampness and dancing round bonfires in Trafalgar Square.

From the little he had seen on the afternoon, the crowds this time were more restrained and more subdued. That was one point to the good. But it did not alter the fact that the world his child was coming into was a far more terrible place than the one he had entered twenty-seven years before. Things that were only bad dreams then had now been written in the pages of history. Torture and starvation. Scepticism.

Illustrations by Albert Bailey

Cynicism. Evil had a new arsenal at its command and good only the memory of repeated failure.

Andrew's immobility deserted him for a moment and he stubbed out his second cigarette fiercely in the ashtray. Was it always going to be like this, he asked himself bitterly? Were the women of his family always going to miss the ending of one war by producing a baby to fight in the next? And if it happened a third time, would it be a victory celebration that was missed; or would it be the final and irretrievable defeat of everything that mattered? Why should Caroline, who was good and sweet, go through all this for someone who might only live to curse her for it? Wasn't it the plain fact that he did not want the baby to live? Wasn't that the real naked truth?

His nerves suddenly felt at breaking point and he had to steady them somehow. He did it by looking inside into the hospital instead of outside from it. The life of the hospital went on its quiet efficient way, equally regardless of the rollicking in Trafalgar Square and of the agony in Andrew's mind. Sister sat quietly at her desk, checking some reports. A young probationer came out of the private ward opposite with a skip and a jump; then seeing Sister's eye upon her, hastily put her cuffs in order and proceeded demurely down the passage. And the clock on Sister's desk ticked gently on. From left to right, with two nurses in charge, passed a wheeled stretcher with the unconscious patient closely wrapped in dark blue blankets. The clock ticked on again. And then from right to left, more slowly still, came an old man in shabby clothes. A little nurse, about half his size, carried his hat and tried to comfort him, as he wept.

IT was not until they had reached the gripped his arm. "Look!" she said

Andrew was calmer when he looked out of the window again. He knew then that he wanted the baby to live. Caroline wanted it to live, and he could not break faith with Caroline.

Suddenly then as he looked out of the window, there were sparks in the sky, high and distant, over the west wing of the hospital. Rockets were being let off somewhere in the general jubilation. They burst into clusters of many-coloured sparks; and in an instant Andrew was far away back in the past at the moment when his life with Caroline really began.

That was in October 1940 when the intensive night-bombing of London had just started. He was under orders for overseas then, and he had gone down to stay the night at Wendover with Caroline's father—her mother was dead—to say good-bye. It was to be the final good-bye. She had already refused him and he had given it up as hopeless although he had loved her for nearly two years. Caroline taught French at a girls' school on the hill. And he knew that she did not want to give up her work or leave her father. But those were minor impediments. She was quite clear about the real reason in her mind. She would not marry unless she were going to have children, and she would not bring children into the kind of world which she saw before her.

WENDOVER lies closely below the first sharp ridge of the Chilterns which look out over the Vale of Aylesbury. It is an L-shaped village and the road meanders, sometimes narrow, sometimes wide, between beautiful old Georgian houses. Less beautiful modern houses fill

top of the lane that Caroline suddenly in a low voice, "It's starting again"

up the space between the arms of the L, and there are others with large gardens of their own up the slope towards Bacombe Rise.

It was in one of the latter that Caroline's father lived. Andrew arrived there from Oxford, where he was stationed, one clear still October evening when it was already getting dusk. At dinner the conversation was mainly about Andrew's future and how long he would be away. As he did not have the faintest idea whether his destination was to be arctic or temperate or tropical, he could speculate without infringing any security regulation. They did not say a word about what was happening to London, which lay forty miles away behind the rolling slopes of the Chilterns.

Then about half past nine Andrew and Caroline put on their coats and took the Scottie for his bedtime walk up the hill. It was a clear still cold night. There was no moon, and Orion had possession of the sky, striding across it as though it were his own property. Again they talked about everyday things and people they knew and what had happened to them. It was not until they had reached the top of the lane that Caroline suddenly gripped his arm.

"Look!" she said in a low voice. "It's starting again!"

Andrew looked, and there where she pointed in the distant south-eastern sky, sparks were beginning to flash. And even as he looked they began to spread north and south until the whole of that quarter of the sky was filled with them. There was not a sound of any gunfire or any aircraft, nor any crash of bombs. The night was as still and dark and silent as ever. Only these sparks continued to fly in the night as the anti-aircraft guns put up their barrage.

Andrew looked at it in awe.

"Just like fireflies!" he murmured. "Fireflies in October!"

"It always starts about this time," Caroline told him in the same low passionate voice. "It has started every night for the last fortnight and it always goes on till dawn. Next month, when it's darker, it will start earlier and go on longer."

Andrew did not reply. His fists clenched in his pockets as he stood, silently, watching the agony of London. And a hatred of the Germans came over him which he had never felt as strongly before, but which he was often to feel again in the future.

Then he felt Caroline's bare hand in his coat pocket beside his own.

"Andrew!"

"Yes."

"Do you still love me?"

"I'm afraid so, Caroline."

"Will you marry me, please?"

"Yes, I will marry you."

He looked at her in the dim starlight, puzzled. It seemed the strangest moment for a girl to change her mind if she were inclined to think that the world was not fit to live in.

"It wasn't that I don't love you, Andrew," Caroline went on. "I do love you very dearly. I just thought I was seeing things straight while actually I was seeing them all crooked. I want children now, Andrew. I want so many that there'll be enough of them to see that this can never happen again in any future."

Andrew kissed her and held her close.

"That would be an awful lot of children, my dear," he said.

"I want them all," Caroline replied. "And I want them soon."

THERE were still more fireflies now in the distant sky. The night was alive with the sparkle of them. Andrew kissed her again and then they began to walk back to the house, her fingers entwined with his inside his coat pocket.

"I want you to listen to-morrow morning, Andrew," she went on suddenly, in the same low voice. "There's a railway cutting in the field below the house. It ends in a bridge. You don't hear the trains from London until they reach that bridge, but then they burst out with a puff and a bluster rather the way my Aunt Emily comes into a room. The first morning train from London reaches the bridge at ten minutes to six. And since this has started, I'm always awake, waiting for it. Some days it's a little late and I get so worried. But so far it's never failed me. It always (*Continued on page 72*)

Where Is London?

By Harry J. Greenwall

LONDON to me is not a big, sprawling mass of buildings, intersected by streets wide or narrow, a huge target for enemy aircraft, but a series of small towns and villages, mostly friendly disposed, linked together by underground and surface transport. It was always, to me, long ago when move-

Two views of an old and beautiful area of London. (Above) "The Flask," Highgate Village, and on right, "Windmill Hill," Hampstead. These two pictures are reproduced from the original coloured drawings by Peter Lowry, who recently had an exhibition of Hampstead and Highgate subjects at the Batsford Gallery

(*Copyright reserved by the artist*)

ment was slower, and then, when Progress began to rear its ugly—sorry, I mean when Time marched on, the characteristics of London changed less than they appeared to do. Yet, native Londoners and visitors alike, must sometimes ask themselves: *Where is London?* Is it the famed "square mile," or is it in the maze of Mayfair? Would you put it in Putney, see it in Streatham, or perchance place it in the purloins of Plaistow?

Let us for a brief minute hark back to what I was saying a moment ago: how little the characteristics of London have changed in two or three decades. Mind you, I am emphatically not referring to architectural and structural alterations. I am sure middle-aged Londoners, or visitors to London for the matter of that, will agree with me when I remind them how very local London was.

Every district had its local theatre, a change of bill every Monday; drama, melodrama and musical comedy alternating; "specially augmented orchestra" (that meant a violinist who travelled with the touring company). And then, come Christmas, our very own local "panto," often with some of the music hall "stars" we had seen on the "boards" of our own local music hall, if we were lucky enough to have one. Then, remember the big corner "pubs" where the omnibuses stopped? Our omnibuses did not sport numbers, we knew where they went by their colours: green, red, dark blue and light blue, chocolate.

Of course, we could always go "up West" for a theatre, a dinner or a supper, but how very local London was!

Then, as now, some districts had their famed football clubs—all had one or more clubs, but by no means all famed outside of their localities. Now, please do not sigh for the days and nights that have passed. London is still local!

Your local theatre has, of course, long since become a picture palace, competing with other places which house the silver screen. The coloured horsed conveyances have long since given place to numbered juggernauts. We no longer speak of the "Tuppenny Tube"; the burrowing mechanical moles have thrown up their hills in so many sectors of this London of ours. The hansoms and the "growlers," those gondolas of the London streets, are now museum pieces.

I HAVE tried to paint you a small canvas, grouping together the London that was and the London that is, but I would try and imagine myself, say in Moscow, trying to answer a Russian's question: where is London? where is the *real* London? I was careful not to write: "a Russian child's" question, for, twix you and I and Temple Bar, when it comes to Russians asking questions about London, or about England for the matter of that, they are *all* child-like. I have been asked in Russia: "Do people in England live in holes in the ground, or in houses, like we do?" and: "Have you got an underground railway in London like we have in Moscow?" But that is another story entirely.

Were I answering this imaginary question by a Russian, I think I would close my eyes and try to see all those little friendly towns and villages which I affirm make up this grey old city on the Thames we call London.

Well, *Tovarich*, I would say, let's look at London. Here we are in Kennington. No, I did not say Kensington, that is something quite different; we will come to Kensington presently.

This is Kennington, south of the river, over there is the Oval, where they play cricket. Cricket? Oh, you would not understand that. Cricket is a game that all Englishmen, including Londoners, play. They play it all their lives. London played it particularly well during the war. No, not at the Oval: in the homes, the offices and the factories.

That place over there is the "Horns." People relax there; they have a drink and they laugh and talk. What, you ask, do they laugh in London? My dear *Tovarich*, we are talking of London, not of Moscow! May they talk politics in this place you call the "Horns" you ask me? I keep telling you: this is London.

(*Continued on page 72*)

Mrs. Fitzherbert in Lady Sefton's box at the opera

The Secret Marriage

The Story Of The Unacknowledged Wedding Of A Prince And A Commoner

Beginning a New Series of Historical Romances, Illustrated by Jack Matthew.

WHEN did the handsome young Prince who was to reign as George IV. first see the lovely Mrs. Fitzherbert? When she was out riding near her Richmond villa, Marble Hill, on a spring day of 1783 on the banks of the Thames? Or later, in the glitter of Lady Sefton's box at the opera?

See her he did, when he was barely twenty-one—and lost his heart to her. She was in her mid-twenties—radiant golden hair, exquisite complexion, lustrous brown eyes, delicate features, a charming smile, a beautiful figure.

At twenty-five she had been twice widowed. Her first husband, a Lulworth squire, who died in the first year of their marriage, had her painted into a portrait of himself and his former wife, to show him standing between the two! Her second marriage, to a landed Midlands man, left her with a comfortable £2000 a year and a house in Park Street, Mayfair. Life had been reasonably kind to pretty Maria Smythe, child of a distinguished North of England family, despite her bereavements.

Now a young Prince whom women idolised was in love with her. There had already been women in his life, but this was different. He was captivated not only by her beauty but by her intelligence and breeding. He sought her company, visited her at Marble Hill, wooed her with all a Prince Charming's gallantry. At first she did not take him seriously—parried his advances lightly, gaily, humorously. What was he, at heart, but a boy infatuated with a woman a few years older and in love, as distinct from casual *amours*, more experienced? A spoilt young Prince eager for another conquest?

When she saw that he was in earnest she became scared and tried to evade him. "This cannot be," she said. "The friendship, if it is to be more than that, must end." The effect—as always—was exactly the opposite of what she intended. The more she resisted him, the more he pursued.

She moved in London society in the season. There would be talk, scandal, among her many friends, especially about his constant visits to Marble Hill. She had been brought up a devout Catholic—and the thought of that gossip was intolerable. With any man she loved—and she knew now that she, too, loved him—marriage was the only possible relationship. But with him it could not be.

She found him in his private room — pale, blood-soaked from a wound in his side, and believed he had attempted his own life for love of her

" I am too inconsiderable a person to become your wife," she told him, " but I am too considerable to become your mistress."

The Prince was a man of violent impulses where his dearest desires were concerned. Driven to desperation, he began to talk of a secret marriage, though it was by Act of Parliament illegal and subject to the gravest penalties should it be discovered. The friends and courtiers who pandered to him whispered suggestions of a mock form of ceremony which might delude her without legally binding him—a kind of expedient compromise from his point of view.

Maria became frantic. The sunny, riverside peace of her Richmond widowhood had been shattered. She could see only unhappiness, conflict, disaster ahead. " I will go away," she resolved as the only way out. " I will go abroad."

On a grey November morning of 1784 she was in Park Street preparing for her flight, when four members of the Prince's household arrived in a coach—Lords Onslow and Southampton, Mr. Bouverie, and the surgeon Keate. She must go with them to Carlton House at once.

The Prince had stabbed himself. His life was in danger. Only her presence could save him.

At first she demurred. "Nothing," she said, "will induce me to go to Carlton House." She had known of his irresponsible life there—his gambling, drinking, and worse. Was it a trap to compromise her?

Keate spoke of the Prince's wound. The others pleaded with her. At last she became genuinely alarmed, and consented to go, provided they could call at Devonshire House on the way and beg the Duchess to accompany her as chaperon.

She found him in his private room—pale, blood-soaked from a wound in his side. Had he flung himself on his sword? Stabbed himself after trying to end his life with a pistol? Or was that blood-smear just a trick to excite her pity—and love? Reports differ, but we know that the distraught Maria believed he had attempted his own life for love of her.

"Nothing will induce me to go on living," he moaned, "unless you promise to become my wife." And, borrowing a ring from the Duchess of Devonshire, he

slipped it on her finger in solemn troth, with the others looking on at this bizarre ceremony.

But still Maria fought her destiny. She fled to The Hague, to France, where she might have married the Marquis de Bellois, who paid her court. It was of no avail. The Prince sent emissaries to trace her, wrote impassioned, pleading letters—one of nearly forty pages, assuring her that his father, the King, would connive at a marriage. Gradually her fears and scruples were worn down, though she knew that marriage to a Roman Catholic might deprive him of the crown.

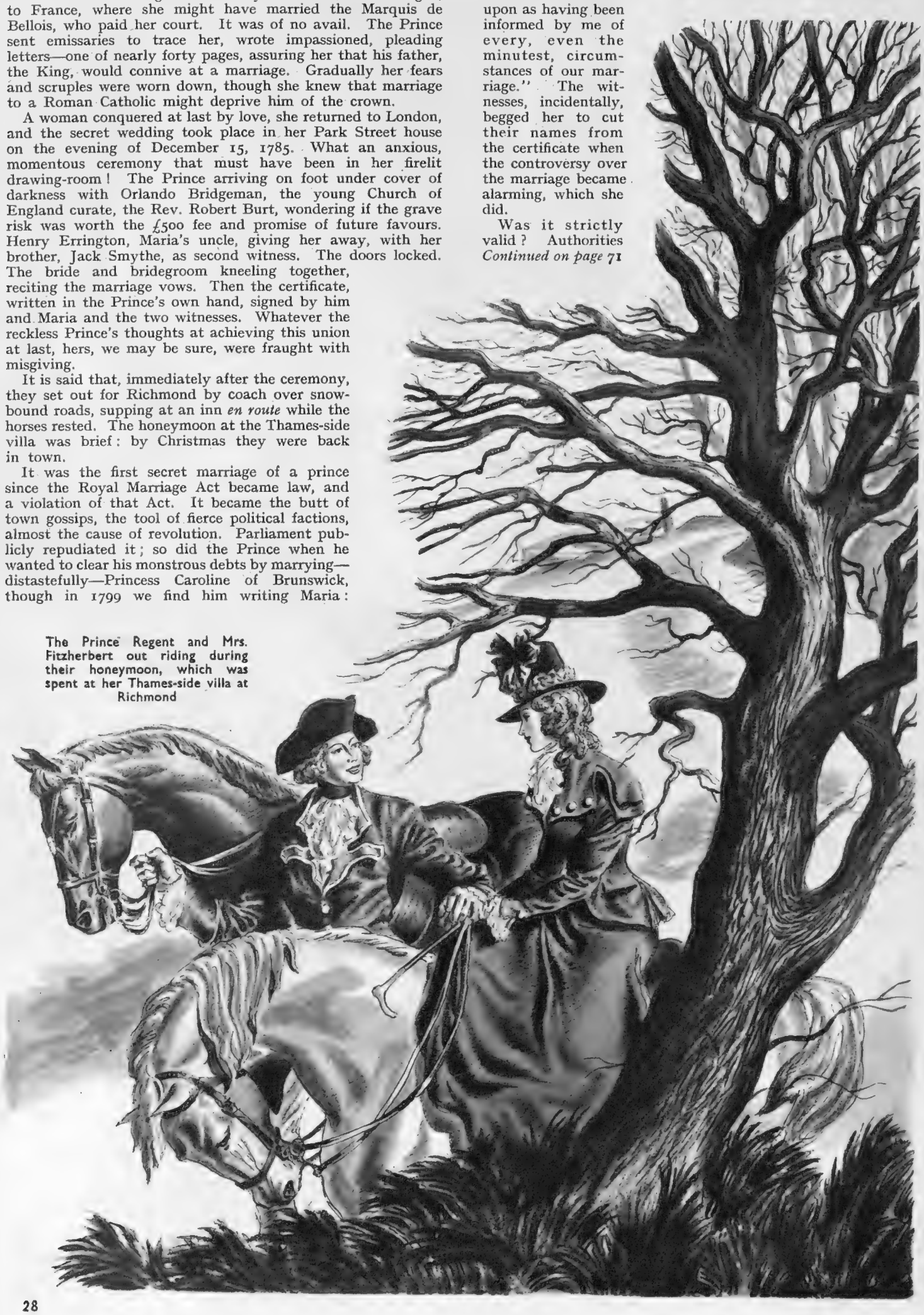
A woman conquered at last by love, she returned to London, and the secret wedding took place in her Park Street house on the evening of December 15, 1785. What an anxious, momentous ceremony that must have been in her firelit drawing-room! The Prince arriving on foot under cover of darkness with Orlando Bridgeman, the young Church of England curate, the Rev. Robert Burt, wondering if the grave risk was worth the £500 fee and promise of future favours. Henry Errington, Maria's uncle, giving her away, with her brother, Jack Smythe, as second witness. The doors locked. The bride and bridegroom kneeling together, reciting the marriage vows. Then the certificate, written in the Prince's own hand, signed by him and Maria and the two witnesses. Whatever the reckless Prince's thoughts at achieving this union at last, hers, we may be sure, were fraught with misgiving.

It is said that, immediately after the ceremony, they set out for Richmond by coach over snow-bound roads, supping at an inn *en route* while the horses rested. The honeymoon at the Thames-side villa was brief: by Christmas they were back in town.

It was the first secret marriage of a prince since the Royal Marriage Act became law, and a violation of that Act. It became the butt of town gossips, the tool of fierce political factions, almost the cause of revolution. Parliament publicly repudiated it; so did the Prince when he wanted to clear his monstrous debts by marrying—distastefully—Princess Caroline of Brunswick, though in 1799 we find him writing Maria: "Thank God my witnesses are living, your uncle and your brother, besides Harris [Sir James, later Lord Malmesbury], whom I shall call upon as having been informed by me of every, even the minutest, circumstances of our marriage." The witnesses, incidentally, begged her to cut their names from the certificate when the controversy over the marriage became alarming, which she did.

Was it strictly valid? Authorities

Continued on page 71



The Prince Regent and Mrs. Fitzherbert out riding during their honeymoon, which was spent at her Thames-side villa at Richmond

The Village Where Time Stands Still

By Graham Fisher

1. Inside one of the tiny cottages which make up the almshouses at Castle Rising

2. Mrs. Custance, the governess, in the long dining hall with its Jacobean furniture.

3. The private chapel where the old ladies say prayers each morning

4. Seven of the old ladies wearing their cone-shaped Jacobean hats with the governess, Mrs. Custance

ONCE—long centuries ago—the tiny Norfolk village of Castle Rising was a borough and seaport, thriving and bustling with the cosmopolitan life that goes with sailors and shipping; once the sea flowed where today corn is grown; once Castle Rising boasted a mayor and corporation, a high steward, a speaker of commons, and was represented by two Members of of Parliament.

These facts are history. But they seemed like echoes of a fairy tale as I stood on the quiet corner by the Black Horse inn that Sunday morning. Around me the cottage homes of Castle Rising seemed to nod sleepily in the sunshine and shade. Rooks cawed raucously in the sycamores of the churchyard and jackdaws chattered among the ruined stones of the castle. From within the church—a lovely specimen of the late Norman period—came the quiet murmur of the congregation joining in the final hymn.

Morning service ended and the village folk came out into the sunlight which filtered through the trees of the churchyard. And leading them came eight old ladies in tall hats.

For the moment I thought myself back in the England of three hundred years ago. It was as though, with the receding of the sea and the decline of Castle Rising's prosperity, some medieval fairy had waved a wand and brought time to a standstill.

For the tall black hats worn by the eight old ladies were after the fashion of the Jacobean period. So were the scarlet cloaks which hung from their shoulders. And on the cloaks were embroidered the rampant lion of Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, famous for the part he played in the discovery of the plot to blow up Parliament.

Slowly the old ladies walked down the churchyard path and across the main road to the picturesque red-brick almshouses which stand opposite the church. I followed them in—and the illusion was complete.

Around the (*Continued on page* 69)

Second Thoughts

Betty Was An Individual With A Personality Of Her Own . . . A Beauty Of Her Own . . . Which Far Outshone Anything Any Film Director Had Achieved

By Day Russell

HARVEY HUDSON made a split second decision and charged the crocodile. He knew he had to cut right through the middle of it although he was aware that crocodiles are sacrosanct in England, particularly those belonging to girls' boarding schools. As he grabbed his bags from the taxi and charged, he knew also that he resented the idea of little girls being regimented two by two in school uniforms, as like as peas in a pod, and being marched through public streets with their little noses stuck up in the air. Little girls should be taught to be individual and different, to be alive and aware of the world, not marched in prim crocodiles for a morning walk before school lessons began by martinets of mistresses.

He charged across the road, a bag in his hand, tall, dark, his lean strong face absorbed with problems. But someone else, alert to the hazards of crocodiles in the streets of small towns, had seen his split second decision by the radar of feminine instinct and, calmly but swiftly, had arrived at the point of his intended break-through at the exact moment of his arrival.

He pulled up short. "Sorry. I must get through. Catching a train."

He met a pair of steady grey eyes in a face that might have come off an eighteenth-century cameo, a face with a limpid oval perfection but with a very firm mouth.

"If you so much as touch one of my girls I'll have you arrested by . . . that policeman there."

Harvey turned. The policeman was approaching, the train whistled, there was an ominous puffing from the station, the crocodile had still a dozen pairs to go. He didn't wait.

"Damn," he said, and ran around the end of the crocodile into the station, unaware that he had disrupted the discipline of the whole line as three dozen pairs of eyes followed him with the avid interest of young girls in an unorthodox type of man.

Even as he dashed into the station he knew he was licked, licked because the puffing was acceleratng, the train was moving too fast, and an official barred his way.

He slapped his bag down and charged out of the station again and caught the end of the crocodile. He fell into step by the side of the girl who was now in place at the rear.

Illustrations by Frank M. Lee

"I could have made it," he said. "I could have caught the train that was to catch my plane that was going to fly me to Hollywood."

The girl stared ahead. "You should order your affairs better. I am now going to ask the policeman to take you in charge for using offensive language in front of my girls."

"I did not."

Her voice had the same clear quality as her complexion. "You used a word commonly used to condemn people to perdition."

"Of all the prim, impractical prudes. . . ."

"Perhaps you will explain that to the officer."

A tap on his shoulder had the quality of the inevitable. "All right, sir," said a solid comfortable voice. Harvey watched the crocodile march on its way, and his eyes saw that the back of the girl was as straight as a slim birch but as unbending as oak.

He turned with relief to a fellow man. "What do you think of that, officer?" he asked.

"Well, sir, I see her every morning at the same time and I'd say she's as pretty a girl as ever I saw."

"Beautiful is a more exact word, I'd say, but pig-headed."

"Might I ask what was the trouble, sir?"

"Oh nothing, nothing at all. I had one second to catch that train, the only train this morning by which I could catch my plane, the plane with reservations and connections booked through to Hollywood."

"Too bad, sir. Did I overhear her say as you'd used offensive language?"

"Officer, I said, 'damn.' Under the circumstances I think you will agree I acted with commendable restraint."

"Well, sir, it could have been worse but I'm not saying as it was the righ thing to do in front of them little girls.'

"Behind them, officer, not in front. She was definitely a unique type, wasn't she?"

"Definitely, sir."

"You know her, of course. I mean, her name, school and all that sort of thing?"

"Well, sir, this being a small place, we know the school folk pretty well. You don't live here?"

"Just week-ending with a friend, a few miles away."

ABOUT a quarter of an hour later Harvey Hudson was putting through a long distance call to the studios of the Welwyn Film Corporation.

"Hullo, that you, John? I want you to cancel my jaunt to Hollywood. Tell Weston I think I've found the right girl here. Send a film unit down . . . two car units for concealed street shots. I'll arrange accommodation at the local hotel."

The next morning at exactly the same time the crocodile filed its way past the station hardly noticing the two vans at different angles of vision and hardly noticing that the policeman was a little off his ordinary stance to receive his usual smile from the girl with the grey eyes. Nor did she think it unusual that he took time to hope that she was not troubled any further yesterday.

The cameras caught her smile as she replied.

"As a matter of fact, miss," said the policeman, co-operating with zest, as carefully instructed, "he was rather a nice young gentleman, if I might say so."

Her expression changed quickly. "I prefer them polite," she said and went on her way.

But at that very moment a taxi drove up and the young man under discussion dashed out of it with a bag in each hand and charged the crocodile in exactly the same way as the morning before. She could hardly believe her eyes and the expression on her face told the cameras so. As he charged across the street she hurried to intercept him again and the scene that followed of indignation, anger, cold reproof, and summoning of the policeman interested the long line of the crocodile intensely and delighted the camera men in their concealed lairs.

As the policeman marched Harvey away he muttered under his breath, "A very neat piece of work if I might say so, sir."

"Splendid," said Harvey, "And I can't tell you how grateful I am to you."

"Well, sir, I always said to my wife as Miss Trevor was pretty enough for the films."

Harvey turned to watch the disappearing crocodile with a slightly sad expression

HE met a pair of steady grey eyes in a face that might have come off an eighteenth-century cameo, a face with a limpid oval perfection but with a very firm mouth

in his brown eyes. "Alas," he murmured, "A nice type but as soon as she hears she has had a film test she'll be like the rest of them, she'll throw all that dignity to the winds to get a contract. Anyway, thank you very much, officer, I am very grateful for your help."

A WEEK later Miss Betty Trevor, sitting in her study, looked at a card a maid had just brought to her. The name meant nothing to her but the line at the bottom puzzled her. She could think of no reason why a Mr. Harvey Hudson of the Welwyn Film Corporation should call on her. But then her mind flashed back to the episodes of the week before and that inexplicable repetition of rudeness by that man who had had some trumped-up excuses about catching a plane to Hollywood. For some reason, his face had been coming to her mind at the oddest times and once that week she had actually dreamed of him, one of those silly fantastic dreams. There was something about the eyes, the slightly hollow cheeks and the lean length of him that had caught her interest.

"Show him in," she said suddenly.

Somehow it did not surprise her to see it was the same man and his first words disarmed the coolness that clouded her eyes as she saw him enter.

"I hope you will allow me to apologize for my apparent rudeness the other morning. I really was trying to make a plane connection."

"But the second time?"

He smiled and the boyishness of his face as he smiled thawed her coolness visibly.

"That was a film test," he admitted.

"Like that other cock and bull story about going to Hollywood?"

He went straight to his point before he lost any more ground.

"We needed a particular type for a star part in our new film and Weston our manager insisted on a girl belonging to a Hollywood company with whom we have a reciprocal contract. After I left you that first time I realized that your face and figure, that cool sort of dignity, were just the very thing we wanted for the part if only I could persuade Weston to use an unknown.

"So I arranged the test and Weston saw it. So here I am. We shall of course want you just as soon as you can get away from here."

He looked down at her from his extra inches with an expression that made her think of little Jack Horner who put in his thumb and pulled out a plum.

That made her smile and when she had brought the smile under control her cool grey eyes met his and she said, quite simply, "No."

"But the money . . . the fame . . . you will be a star."

"To a pre-war generation," she said quietly, looking at him pointedly as if to dismiss him into that generation, "those things were a kind of El Dorado. I happen to be a very modern type, one I hope, of many."

"Modern?" echoed Harvey. "Is there anything more modern than films?"

"I think so. I happen to think that women ought to mean a little more in the world than they have done . . . and they won't do that by letting men stick them up on the pedestal of physical sex-appeal in moving pictures that are false representations of life."

She looked at him, thought Harvey, a little defiantly as if to resist temptation

BETTY laughed and followed the twig with her eyes as it floated lazily away. "Why not do what they do in the films?"

by knocking it down. "And what is more, Mr. . . . Mr. . . ."

"Hudson. Harvey Hudson." He smiled.

"Mr. Hudson, in this school we teach that the mass influence of women on society must come not through careers but through the home. Girls must be educated to be able to create the happy home and to work through their children and through their local own circle of life to exert a strong influence on the moral and political frame of society. . . ."

She paused for breath.

"Very noble," said Harvey. "It sounds just like a book. But you really are a little illogical. I offer you an opportunity of demonstrating your principles to a vast number of people . . . for who marries more quickly than a film star?"

"Or more often," said Betty quickly. "Would you, with your experience marry a film star?"

Harvey smiled slowly. "If she were as beautiful as you and had your principles, I'd marry her tomorrow."

A quick reply was on her lips but it stayed unspoken because she looked at the door. Harvey turned instinctively to follow her glance, and met the eyes of an attractive woman of middle age.

Then, as it were in a moment, Harvey was introduced to the principal of the school, excused himself and left.

But there stayed with him a disconcerting picture of Betty, of a slim independent girl who had resisted the most difficult of offers to resist and who would not leave his mind.

He returned to the "Red Lion" and there made a few inquiries about the school and found that Mrs. Lancaster was the widow of a major and that the school wasn't having such an easy time of it financially now that income taxes were so high and people could not afford the luxury of private schools.

Harvey Hudson sat in the bar of the "Red Lion" and penned a note.

Dear Miss Trevor,

I am told they serve a good dinner here at the "Red Lion" and I wondered if I might emphasize the sincerity of my apologies for past rudeness and lessen the sting of my recent rebuffs by asking you to dine with me this evening."

He signed and sealed the note, bribed a boy to deliver it and wait for an answer and then went to the telephone and had a long talk with Mrs. Lancaster, the substance being that if Miss Trevor should change her mind and accept the offer of his company, that company would be prepared to do its best to compensate Mrs. Lancaster for the loss of Miss Trevor by making a substantial donation to the school funds. He had a feeling from his end of the telephone that a note of relief entered into Mrs. Lancaster's voice towards the end of the conversation as though she could see a possible outcome to one of her most pressing problems.

THE day turned out to be a pleasant one. The sun shone in a cloudless sky and yet was not too hot. Behind the "Red Lion" there was a pleasant lawn set with tables and the lawn ended at a low stone wall which verged a stream whose far bank was overhung with willows.

Harvey Hudson lay on his back by the stream most of the afternoon and had time to meditate on the fact that there were more things in life than the stresses and strains of studio life. Somehow he could not get rid of the feeling that this new realization was emphasized by the impression of a cool slim girl with grey eyes in a book-lined study, a girl who surprisingly enough had very calmly refused to be stampeded into a career in films.

When evening came the sky was still cloudless, and the soft blue haze that follows a warm day emphasized the loveliness of the evening. Harvey ordered dinner carefully and specified one of the tables nearest the stream. He had a conviction that this dinner had an importance beyond mere companionship. He had his reputation with Weston to consider and he did not like to admit defeat.

Betty Trevor, when she came, wore a beautiful white dress which was both cool and distinctive. It removed completely the (*continued on page* 66)

A plain gold brooch for breakfast should mark the limit of adornment even for a lady in the most exclusive circles

A Plain Gold Brooch . . .

Jewellery Fashions In The Victorian Period

By Deane Anderson

VICTORIAN book shops were full of Guides to Social Behaviour. Rules of etiquette treated every phase of life from paying calls of ceremony, with the appropriate sets of visiting cards, to the correct layout of a dinner table; and such books were in great demand by those whose new wealth—won by new and rapidly developing industrialization—had thrown them into contact with a hitherto exclusive upper class, where an intricate code of behaviour was still observed, and where the newcomers' *faux-pas* were wholeheartedly—if discreetly—enjoyed.

One of the most common mistakes of the *nouveau-riche* was naturally an unsuitable ostentation in dress and ornament, and every book of etiquette devoted long passages to appropriate jewellery. As one such writer observed: "Nothing is so likely to convict the newcomer into society of ill-breeding than an ostentation in the matter of ornament. The gentlewoman, however richly furnished her jewel case may be, will reserve her richest ornaments for occasions of full ceremony. Above all, morning toilettes should be simple in the extreme, and jewellery kept at a minimum. The writer feels that *A Plain Gold Brooch for Breakfast* should mark the limit of adornment even for a lady in the most exclusive circles."

This restraint in the use of jewellery is in strong contrast to the fashion of preceding centuries, when the wealthy wore their jewels—and the more the merrier—not in accordance with any "code of behaviour," but just when the spirit moved them. Any known portrait of Queen Elizabeth, for instance, is evidence that her breakfast costume differed as much from that of her nineteenth-century counterpart, in its magnificence and flamboyance, as the roast beef and ale on her breakfast table contrasted with the Victorian eggs, bacon and coffee.

THE Victorian Age has come in for some merciless criticism from its successors, and in certain aspects such as house decoration and furniture design it undoubtedly had an elaboration and intricacy strongly in contrast with present-day tastes; but there were certain crafts—embroidery, fabric weaving and above all, jewellery design—in which it reached a very high level. In fact, it is just that quality of intricacy, combined with superb craftsmanship, which makes Victorian jewellery so well worth a study.

An outstanding feature was the almost universal use of solid gold for settings. It is customary now to speak of these as "massive," but as we are now beginning to see in the frames of the Victorian cameo brooches which have recently revived in popularity, that the solid metal is often carved and moulded with the greatest delicacy and grace.

Semi-precious stones became more popular than before, especially topaz, (*Continued on page 71*)

Human hair in a gold setting was used for bracelets, necklaces and watch chains

Money To Come

Greed Led To The Undoing Of A Pair Of Worthless People

By Janet Farwell

THE telephone rang with sudden violence. Harry Binnaker was shaving, and now he cut himself. They'd had a high old time at the Road House last night, and he was in no mood for sudden noises this morning.

The telephone rang on. Joyce was hoping that he would answer it, just as if she didn't know he was in the bathroom. Why didn't she go? She wasn't so busy, anyway. She never cooked a proper breakfast. A bit of burnt toast and a cup of tea was all he got. Not that he could have eaten anything to-day, if you'd paid him.

At last the ringing ceased. Then she shrieked:

"Harry! Harry!"

He opened the door. She stood at the foot of the staircase wearing the kimono in which she slopped about the house in the morning. Her fair hair was pinned tight to her head and covered with a pale pink net. She had no make up, and the drinks at the Road House hadn't suited her liver any better than his. All at once he thought she looked like a ferret.

Yes! with her white face, pointed nose, runaway chin, and her pink eyelids, she was like a ferret.

And he used to think her as pretty as a peach. He was mad about her. He'd married her in spite of his father, when he was even afraid that his father would cut him out of his will for marrying against his wish. But now look at her! A ferret! A shrew! And it was all his father's fault. The old man ought to have given them a fat allowance: Joyce ought to have a nice house and plenty of servants: it was from spite that he made his heir start in the business at the bottom and live on a clerk's wage in this rotten little villa.

"It's your father," called Joyce, as if answering his thoughts.

"I'm covered in lather," protested Harry. "What's he want phoning at this ungodly hour? I'll be seeing him in the blasted office, anyway, won't I?"

"I wouldn't know, and I couldn't care less," called Joyce, and banged the kitchen door.

Harry came downstairs and said sourly into the phone, "Hullo, Dad."

"I thought you'd have started," said his father. "I was afraid I'd miss you. Pick me up on your way. I want to talk to you."

"All right."

"I'll expect you in ten minutes."

"Twenty."

"It won't take you ten minutes to walk to my house."

"I've got to finish dressing."

"Good Lord! Aren't you *dressed*? Haven't you had breakfast? Then you'll be late at the works. I can't have it. You're there on the same terms as the other fellows. No favours just because you're my son. It is not fair to the rest if you can be late, and they're sacked for it."

"I shan't be late," snapped Harry. "I shall drive."

"Drive!" cried a scandalized father. "You can't afford to drive on your salary!"

"My car is about the only bit of luxury I've got," retorted Harry, his head throbbing from last night's other luxuries. "I'll pick you up in twenty minutes. Good-bye."

He finished shaving, dressed, and came down to the kitchen, where he stood to gulp a cup of bitter tea.

"What's he want?" demanded Joyce.

"A talk with me," said Harry gloomily. "Sermon of some sort, I suppose. P'raps some old busybody has told him that we're at the Road House too often. He'll want to know how we can afford it, and he'll warn me against drink and fast friends. My God! to think he can treat me like a schoolboy still!"

"You got to be firm with him," declared Joyce. "You got to say you'll have to have a rise. Say we can't manage, and ask him if he wants us to run into debt."

Harry shuddered. They were up to their eyes in debt. The old man might keep them on a tiny salary for the good of their souls, but no one was going to refuse credit to a Binnaker. Why the town almost *lived* on Binnaker. The works and the workmen's houses had swallowed up the little one-eyed country town that used to be there, thirty years ago. You couldn't open a paper up or down the land without seeing Binnaker's advertisements. He was a household word. And his other son, the favourite, had been killed in the war. So if Mrs. Harry Binnaker couldn't pay you now, she could do it one day.

"IT'S your father," called Joyce, as if answering his thoughts

HARRY came downstairs and said sourly into the phone, "Hallo, Dad"

But if the old man knew about the debts, there'd be the devil to pay. His theory was that Joyce and Harry were lazy and worthless, but hard work might cure them. *Their* theory was that they were decent types, and hard work was souring them. They needed a bit of fun, and their idea of fun was to drink and dance and smoke with the gang, who foregathered at the Road House where Harry had first met Joyce. But hell! how it ran away with money! Yes, the talk was probably going to be about that.

Harry opened the portable garage, and drove off with a noise that made his head ache again.

In a few minutes he was out of the cheap streets and into the road of large, solid, Victorian houses standing amid lawns and shrubberies. Here his mother and father had lived ever since they'd left the artisan's house where they boasted of having skimped and scraped for years after Binnaker was making big money. The big money went back into the business. The boys went to a cheap day school.

He pushed aside the gate of The Laurels: it was a heavy gate, always kept well painted. Everything in the house and garden was of good quality and well kept. But they could have had a country mansion in a park! Dad was money mad.

He walked into the dining-room on the right. His mother sat by the fire knitting. The remains of an ample breakfast stood on the table, set out on a spotless cloth with glittering silver.

"Good morning, Harry," said his mother smiling, but making no move. "Your father won't be a moment. Sit down, won't you?"

He stood glowering. "What an hour to be knitting!" he exclaimed.

"I know," she twinkled at him. "But your father won't let me clear the table, it's got to be left for Sarah to do, so here I must sit till he's ready to go, and I can't sit doing nothing, you know. When I was young I was obliged to keep on with things, and now I'm too old to learn new tricks. I'd just get the fidgets doing nothing."

"It's damn silly your being up at this hour, anyway," said Harry. "Anyone would think the works wouldn't go on unless Dad was there at crack of dawn. But if you had breakfast an hour later nothing would be any different."

"The bigger the business gets, the more Dad has to see to," she replied. "The more men there are, the more people he has to get to know."

"Oh, it's his hobby," replied Harry impatiently.

"Luckily for us," returned his mother smiling. She was always smiling, a small, soft, cushiony, pink-cheeked woman with springy silver hair. It seemed to him that she never changed, come measles, come whooping cough, come strikes, come war, come slump, come boom. Once she had done all the work of the house, and nursed the neighbours' children whenever they were ill, and now she sat on charity committees with the county bigwigs, but she looked just the same, she even seemed to wear the same clothes, though no doubt they were of better quality.

"What are you knitting?" he asked, "Dad doesn't go in for pale pink, does he?"

She laughed. "He still sticks to grey," she said, "I must have knitted up hundreds of miles of grey wool in my time. This is for the Children's Hospital. I've got no grandchild to knit for as yet."

A grandchild! Ah, if only they had a baby, they'd have the whiphand of the old people. Suddenly he had an idea and was delighted by his own cleverness.

"I'm not going to start a family till I'm earning more," he said virtuously. "When Joyce can afford a regular servant, and when we've got a nice house

Illustrations by Steven Spurrier, A.R.A.

with a garden for the kid, then'll be time enough."

She said nothing. She had that much sense. The old man would have said, "Your mother never had no servant when you were little. I told you Joyce wasn't healthy."

Mum looked at the immense marble clock on the mantelpiece, flanked by bronze nude gentlemen struggling with spirited horses. At that moment, in came the old man, short, wiry, grizzled, with hard little dark eyes and a big angry mouth. "Looks more like an agitator than a millionaire," thought his son.

"Ah, Harry!" said the old man, and walked briskly to his wife who rose and put her arms round him He kissed her noisily on both cheeks.

"Goodbye, mother," he said. "What are you doing with yourself to-day?"

"You know, father," she replied. "The annual meeting of the County Benevolent Society."

"Wear your fur coat," he said, "and don't get off with Lord Milchester while my back's turned."

"Dad!" she protested, and followed them to the door.

The old man surveyed the pale blue two-seater with disfavour.

"How much did you give for that rattle-trap?" he asked.

"Mind your own business," Harry thought, but he growled, "Got it cheap second-hand." (*Continued on page 74*)

"AH, Harry!" said the old man, and walked briskly to his wife who rose and put her arms round him

Good Business Heads

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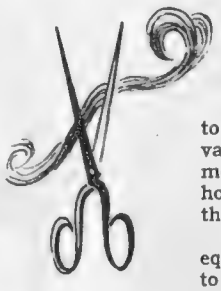
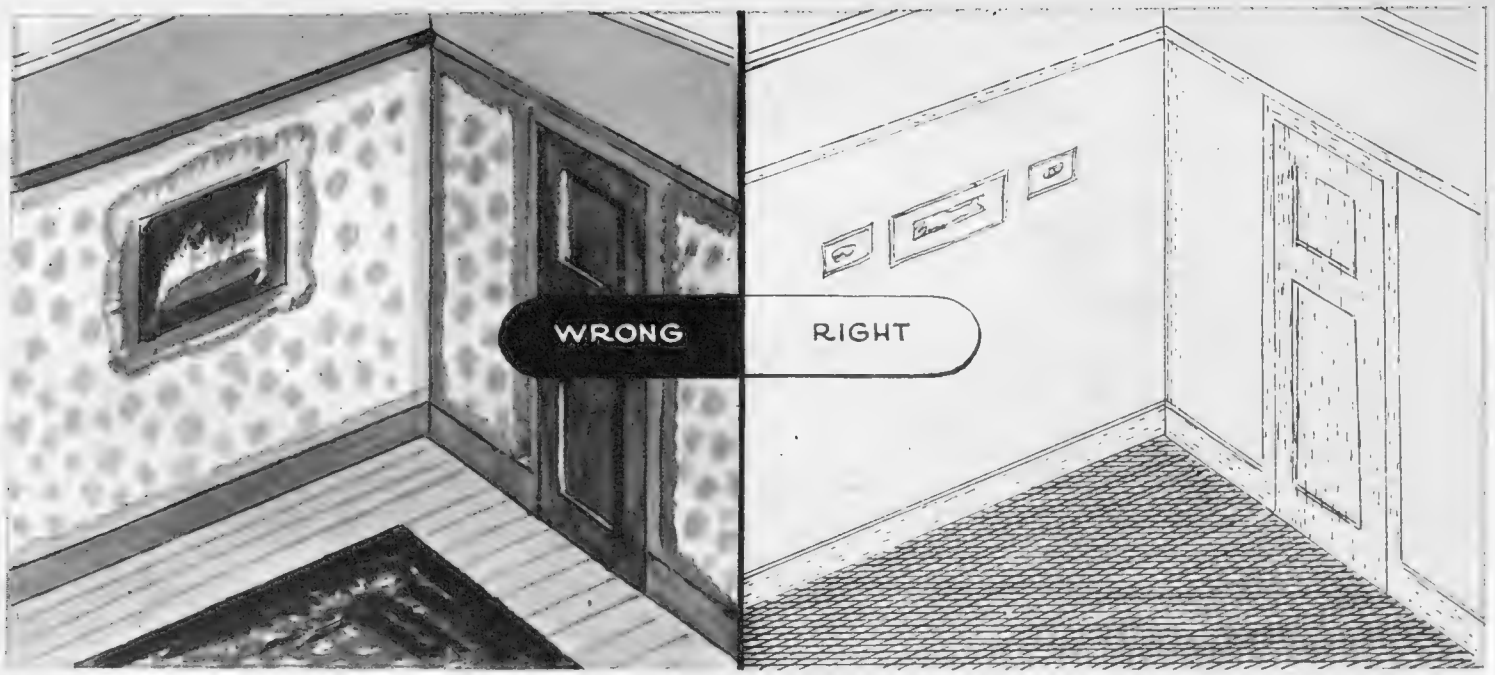


Hair styles for the business woman must be basically simple, easy to maintain, and smart at the same time. The advantage of the various styles which we have illustrated on this page are that, with modifications, they will adapt themselves well enough to business hours or, with a little emphasis, score top marks for glamour when the occasion demands.

(1.) For sheer ease of maintenance, the swathed back has no equal for business wear. Front and sides can be adapted according to taste for day or evening wear. (2.) The page-boy, smoothly swept back from the forehead and completed with a wide band of velvet. (3.) A neat " bang " is turned under and capped with a flat bow. An easy and charming ingenue style for the girl with a high forehead. (4.) Raymond has created this short-cut dressing which he calls " chi-chi." A double coxcomb on the forehead gives height, while the back is swathed round to end in a line of curls working up from crown to forehead. (5.) A good business head, swathed across the back, swept up at the sides into loose rolls, with the centre section coiled into a modified coxcomb. (6.) Short hair tightly swept up to the crown of the head is surmounted, for office wear, with a neat pin-on plait. For evening, the ends of the hair are brought through the centre of the plaited coil and arranged in soft curls, as in the illustration.



In a small room, the effect of a broken background is to accentuate the smallness of the room. A figured wallpaper, contrasting woodwork, a frieze of yet another tone, and a wide carpet surround contribute, in turn, to the confusion. On the right, the same room appears more restful and far more spacious with a toning background and an all-over floor covering.

Decorating

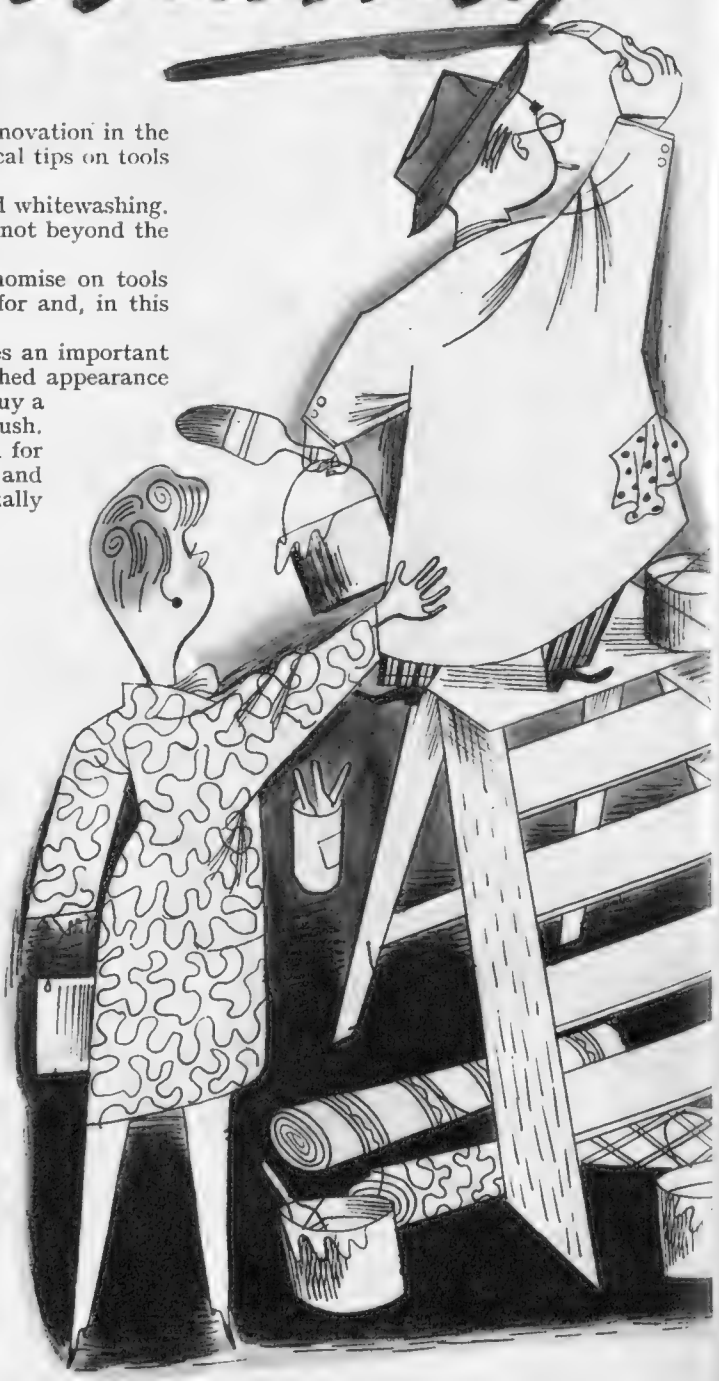
AMATEUR decorators are all set again for a spring campaign of renovation in the home. New recruits are joining the Old Guard, and some practical tips on tools and methods are timely.

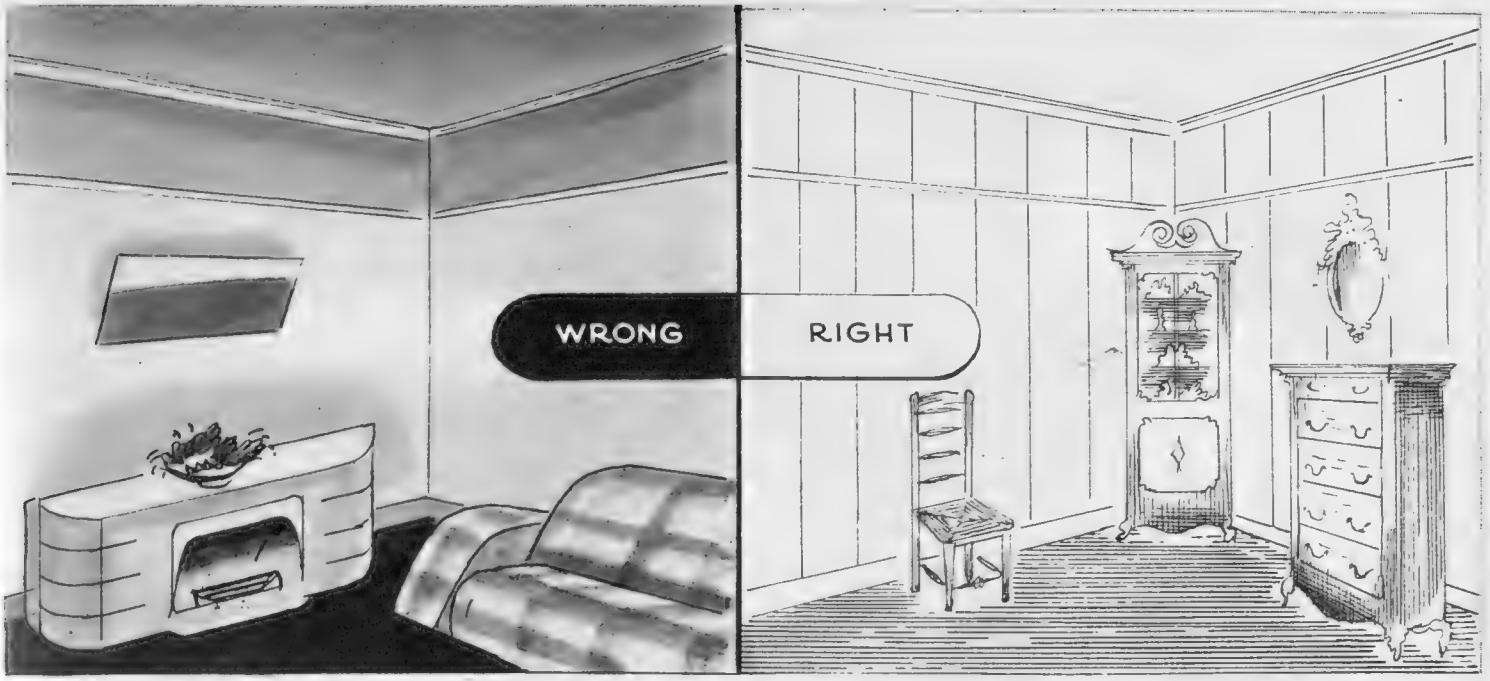
Beginners are well advised to confine operations to distempering and whitewashing. Bolder spirits may be ready to try paper-hanging, but though this is not beyond the capacity of an experienced amateur, it *is* a tricky job.

Good tools are essential for the best work. Any attempt to economise on tools is ill-advised. Good brushes last indefinitely if they are well-cared for and, in this sense, are a sound investment.

A good distemper brush costs thirty shillings or more, but it makes an important difference both to the ease with which you work as well as to the finished appearance of the job. It is a good plan to buy a second and cheaper distemper brush. The cheaper brush should be used for washing down walls and ceilings, and the better one reserved for actually applying the distemper.

A simple scheme of decoration achieves distinction through the use of original colour harmony. Walls are distempered duck-egg blue, the American cloth, or plastic curtains, are rhododendron pink and the floor covering is deep purple.



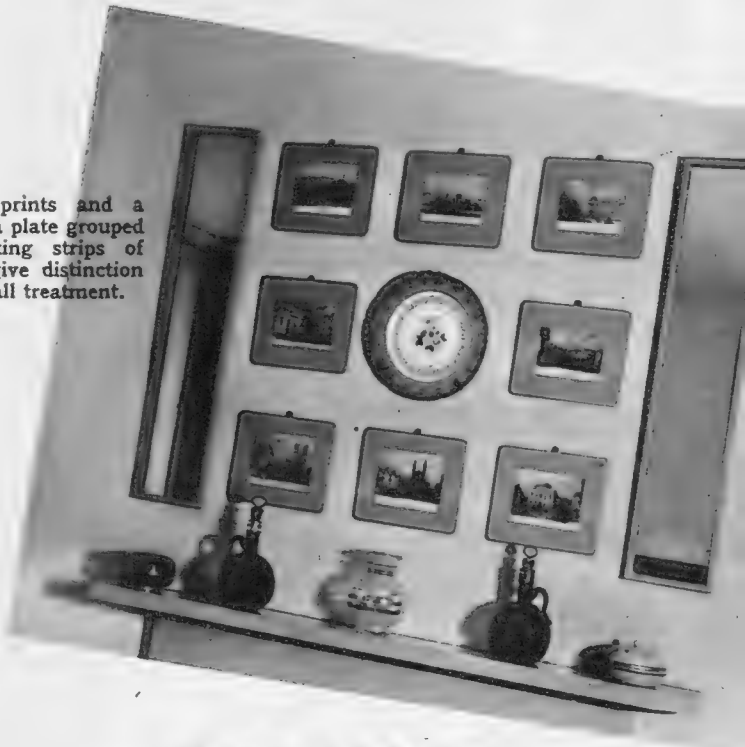


Left, shows the effect in a low room of a ceiling tinted deeper than the walls and of emphasis on squat furniture which accentuates the shallowness of the room. Right : the same room treated with a vertical stripe wallpaper carried above the picture-rail gives a loftier effect which is emphasised by furniture with slender lines.

Data

Two or three paint brushes of different size are essential. For large surfaces a 2½-in. size is best, a 2-in. and 1½-in. size will deal efficiently with trims and beadings. A sash tool for window frames makes work on very narrow surfaces a good deal simpler. Flat or oval-shaped brushes are easier to work with at all times than round ones.

New brushes should be carefully prepared for use. Shake them well to remove dust which has accumulated in the bristles and soak them overnight in water to swell the bristles and tighten them in their sockets. Give the brushes ample time to dry again before using them. Never leave brushes standing in paint or distemper. This destroys their shape and obstructs good work. Again, never stir the paint with a brush and always clean the bristles of paint with turpentine before putting them away.



Old London prints and a colourful china plate grouped between flanking strips of mirror glass give distinction to a plain wall treatment.

RULES for ceiling work are first to wash the surface clean, removing all traces of old whitewash. If the ceiling has been neglected this may take some considerable time, but the new distemper can only adhere securely and evenly if all traces of the old are removed. After washing down, all cracks should be filled with Keene's cement and the surplus scraped off with an old knife to give an even surface.

Use only the best distemper available and apply the first coat thinly. Leave the first coat to dry thoroughly before applying the second.

Oil-bound distemper, if you can get it, is most durable both for walls and ceilings. Take as much distemper on the brush as it will conveniently hold without splashing; work at arm's length and in all directions, but work *quickly*. Distemper dries rapidly, and the edges of each section worked should be kept wet, otherwise intersecting lines will appear.

A stipple brush is a useful thing for the amateur decorator to use during distemper operations. As each section of the distemper is applied, dab the wet surface all over with the stipple brush. This ensures an even wall surface without brush marks.

In most cases it is advisable to apply a coat of size to the plaster before distempering. Give this good time to dry before applying the distemper. (*Continued on page 71*)

HINT CORNER

With the window cleaner still elusive as ever and window cleaning to do yourself, remember that a teaspoonful of vinegar in the water used for washing them is a great help in removing marks and giving a lustre to the glass.

Before spring cleaning starts, give brooms and brushes a face treatment to ensure that old brooms will sweep clean. Wash the bristles in warm soapy water to which a little ammonia has been added. Rinse in clean water and hang the brushes in the open to dry—never near direct rays of heat. If bristles are crushed and out of shape, hold the head of the broom in the steam of a kettle, smoothing out the bristles with the hand. When the steam has made them limp, soak them for half an hour in a solution of alum and water (one ounce of alum to a quart of water). Dry in the open.

When staining or renovating floorboards there are likely to be nails in the wood, which must be removed to give a smooth surface to the polished floor. If the nails have rusted and resist attempts to remove them, drop a little warm paraffin on to the heads. After a few minutes the nails can be drawn.

Made With ← Five Ounces

MATERIALS : 5 ozs. of 3-ply Viyella "Ramada," 1 pr. each of No. 10 and No. 12 needles ; 2 buckles ; buttons.

MEASUREMENTS : From the top of shoulder to lower edge, 26 in. ; width across front (underarm), 18 in.

TENSION : 9 sts. to 1 in.

THE FRONT.

With No. 10 needles cast on 121 sts. Work in Moss stitch for 6 rows : Moss stitch as follows :

1st row : S. 1, * p. 1, k. 1, repeat from * to end of row. Work in the following pattern :

1st row : * K. 1, p. 1. Repeat from * to the last st. k. 1.

2nd row : K. 2, * p. 1, k. 1 ; repeat from * to the last st., p. 1.

3rd row : * K. 1, p. 2 ; repeat from * to the last st., k. 1 (right side of work).

4th row : * P. 1, k. 2 ; repeat from * to the last 4 sts. p. 1, k. 3. Continue until 4 in. from the cast-on edge, then dec. 1 st. each end of next and every 4th row following until 101 sts. Continue on these 101 sts. until work measures 19 in. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE SHOULDERS AND NECK.

Work 45 sts., cast off 11 sts., work 45 sts. Work on the last 45 sts. for 3 in., at the same time cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of every neck edge row until 32 sts. remain

SHAPE SHOULDER.

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 armhole end rows. Return to the first set of 45 sts. and work to correspond with the last set of 45 sts. (*Continued on page* 60)

With A Hand-Embroidered Yoke

MATERIALS : 6 ozs. of 3-ply Copley "Excelsior" in main colour ; ¼ oz. of 3-ply Copley "Excelsior" in contrast colour. Odd lengths of coloured wool for embroidery. One pair each of No. 10 and No. 12 needles. Buttons. Transfer. No. 12 crochet hook.

MEASUREMENTS : From the top of shoulder to lower edge, 20 in. Across the back and front (underarm), 17 in. Underarm sleeve seam, 6 in.

TENSION : 9 sts. to 1 in.

THE FRONT.

With No. 12 needles and main colour wool, cast on 100 sts. Work in the following rib.

1st row : * K. 1, p. 1 ; repeat from * to end. Work for 3 in. Change to No. 10 needles for 1 in., then inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 6th row following until 124 sts. and 13 in. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES.

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Then k. 2 tog. each end of every row until 94 sts. remain, work ½ in. Change to contrast colour wool with a KNIT ROW.

Next row : Knit. Work 2 in. stocking st. (1 row k., 1 row p.) (ending on a p. row). Next row : K. Join on main colour wool with a knit row. Continue in main rib until armhole measures 7 in.

SHAPE SHOULDERS AND NECK.

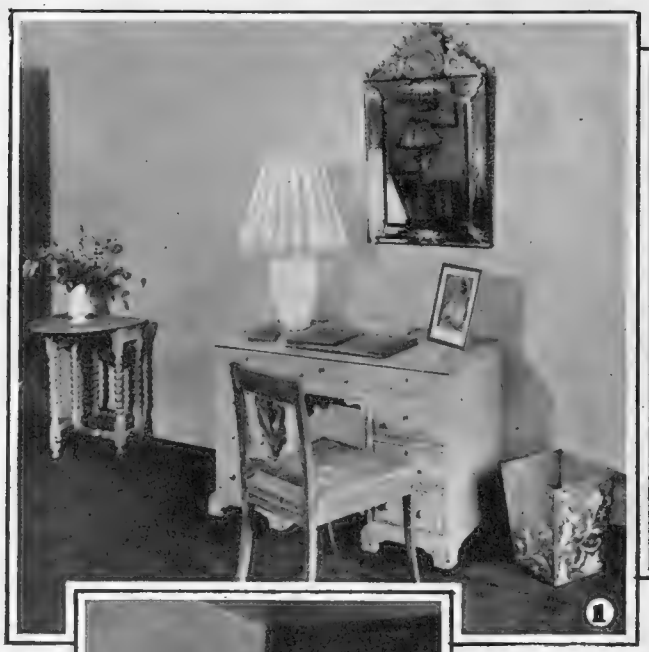
Work 30 sts. (place the remaining 64 sts. on a spare needle). Work back to armhole on the first 30 sts., cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next 3 armhole end rows. (*Continued on page* 60)

High Fashion For Low Incomes...

The Answer Is Utility.

If any lingering prejudice remains on the subject of Utility clothes, the models sketched above should dispel it. The styling, perfection of detail and cut which distinguish these clothes should convince the most exacting taste that the best of fashion is attainable at a reasonable cost.

The top-coat on the left in a bold brown-and-white herringbone tweed is cut on ample lines with a generous inverted pleat at the back, and full bishop sleeves caught into a fitting wrist-band. Other colours. Price, approximately, 122/7. Centre : Herringbone tweed again, a superbly tailored suit with huge patch pockets showing the material used horizontally. The back is belted. Price, approximately, 98/7. Right : Wool velour suit in a variety of colours with a cardigan neckline and clever shoulder detail. The skirt has overlapping side pleats. Price, approximately, 112/7. Harella Models.



(1) A mahogany knee-hole desk, stripped of french polish, assumes a modern elegance in combination with an attractive lamp and mirror. (2) A Victorian horsehair sofa takes a new lease of life. The frame is painted white, and a new covering of saffron-yellow unrationed felt replaces a drab tapestry.

FIRST-RATE TREATMENT FOR

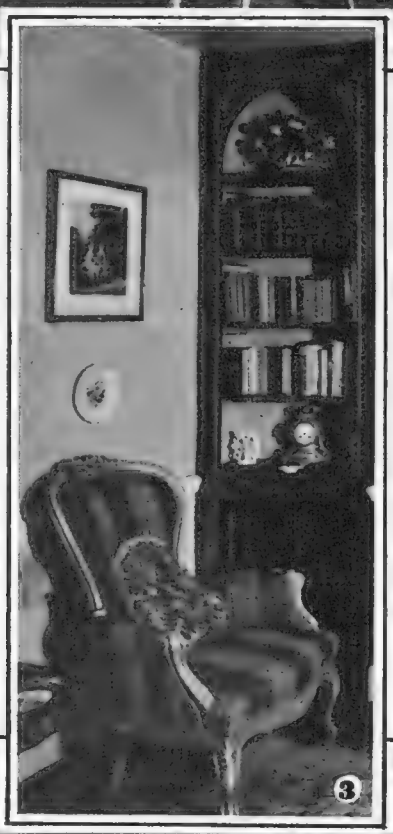
EVERY new home to-day has its quota of second-hand furniture. The units situation, not to speak of the high cost of everything, make these emergency measures essential. But outmoded furniture has amazing possibilities. Its quality and workmanship are frequently superior to that of a later date and, with some discreet beauty treatment, it reveals intrinsic qualities of design which are a distinct advantage when combined with the austerity of the modern silhouette.

Don't despise junk furniture merely because it looks like junk. Reconditioning is a comparatively simple matter requiring patience more than skill. Time you must have. Thoroughness and perseverance are indispensable when the question of face-lifting furniture arises.

When searching second-hand shops for suitable pieces, make your choice with foresight. Pieces which are badly damaged and in such condition as to require skilled repair, must be discarded.

Superficial blemishes can be dealt with by means of stripping and painting. Faded and ugly upholstery can be replaced. Over-ornateness can be toned down by the removal of extraneous carvings, mirrors and such-like. Choose pieces with these facts in view, and always with an eye to size and capacity in relation to needs and the dimensions of the room in which they will be used.

A painted surface gives an entirely new and glamorous aspect to an out-of-date piece. Stripping the surface is the first operation.



(3) A Victorian high-backed armchair re-covered with a gay tartan is effective against a pastel-coloured background.

(4) Victorian mirror and side table, which have been stripped and painted white, submerge their ornateness in the austerity of plain white walls and woodwork. The small chairs have been similarly treated and re-covered with striped ticking.

(5) A divan does double duty for a bed and sofa. The old-fashioned fireside chair has a new slip cover made from an old chintz curtain. The second-hand mirror was stripped and painted pink to match the walls. (6) A Victorian bow-fronted mahogany cupboard transformed with Georgian green paint, picked out with gold. (7) Dressing-table from an old painted table, a pedestal mirror painted to match, and an old piano-stool.

SECOND-HAND FURNITURE

To do this the surface must be washed with hot soda-water to remove dirt and grease. For stripping, a strong solution of caustic soda can be used, or alternatively, one of the branded chemical paint-strippers which can be bought at most good oil and colour stores. Both these mediums must be applied with the greatest care to protect the hands.

Apply the solution liberally with a brush and leave it for an hour or so before scraping the surface with a palette-knife to remove the loosened varnish and stain. This operation may have to be repeated a number of times before the clean, natural surface of the wood is revealed without a blemish.

When the surface is stripped, all traces of the caustic solution must be removed with several applications of hot water to which vinegar has been added.

When the wood has been given ample time to dry, prepare for repainting.

Scratching and pock-marking on the surface of the wood can be reduced by rubbing down very thoroughly with fine sandpaper. If the scratches are deep, they should be filled with a plastic-wood solution (it can be bought in a tube) which is pressed into the indentations and smoothed off level with the surface. When the plastic filling has dried, another good rub down with sandpaper will complete the job.

Our pictures show with what good effect reconditioned furniture can be used in a setting devised to suit it.

THIS IS NEWS

SOMETHING new in furniture design and construction was bound to emerge from the experiments and processes perfected during the war. The first to emerge is some furniture which is entirely new in conception and construction, with enduring qualities which will commend themselves to women, the more so since they go together with the more æsthetic qualities of colour and elegance.

This new furniture is metal, but except for the qualities of strength and durability which this ensures, nothing in the general appearance of the furniture would suggest it. No metallic, cold and uninviting surfaces here. High-grade aluminium panels lined with heavy plastic board give the solidity and weight of the finest wood furniture. At the same time, this method gives strength and rigidity and eliminates metallic noises.

A tinted and translucent plastic coating in delicate shades gives the final touch of delicacy to the furniture, yet at the same time it is tough and scratch-proof. Several attractive and delicate colours are used for the surfaces of this furniture.

Inside, wardrobes and drawers are lined with coloured moth-proof rayon, easy to brush and attractive to look at. In each case the lining colour is in contrast to that of the outside surface.

Finally, and not least, this furniture, which is now being produced in increasing quantities, is for free sale without units.

"Tops" For Spring

A yard of ribbon, a cleverly poised feather, a draped scarf and a touch of inspiration bring last year's hat into the forefront of fashion.

The basic beret shape is still "tops." One of its advantages is that you can ring the changes with trimming to team up with any ensemble. French ribbon is in the shops again in reasonable supply. On the left a gigantic bow of multi-coloured striped ribbon is poised behind the right ear on a plain beret shape worn well back on the head. (Below.) Put a feather in your cap; a bunch of bright coque feathers coiled close to the cheek gives glamour to the ubiquitous beret. (Below, right.) Two bands of black silk braid and a yard of chiffon draped bedouin fashion caps the fashion news.

A brightly-patterned scarf—tartan if you are up-to-the-minute—transforms a halo-brimmed felt. Swathe the scarf around the brim as in the illustration immediately above, and let the ends fall over the shoulder. Alternatively, twist the scarf loosely round the crown, make a slit in the felt and draw the ends through to fall in soft folds below the right ear. In the photograph (right) Greta Gynt has matched the tartan trimming of her halo felt with the blouse which she wears with a classic suit.

Books:

Reviewed by
Trevor Allen

MISS HENRIETTA LESLIE must be an inveterate traveller. She seems to have wandered through most lands on every kind of mount except the giraffe and in every sort of conveyance, from apple-cart to Kago and Xebec—the last two a Jap litter and Adriatic boat. It all began with mother's brougham, which took her to the Drury Lane panto, her first ball, and Queen Victoria's drawing-room. After that she never looked back—except to glimpse exotic views. Each form of transport has a chapter in "Go As You Please" (Macdonald, 12s. 6d.), an enjoyable travelogue whose style only rarely lapses into phrases like "wisps and blobs of mist which swam past on their mysterious way." R. H. Sauter's chapter heads and colour plates are charming.

DANISH Press correspondent Karl Eskelund was transported in more senses than one when he met in Peking a dainty girl student named Chi-yun (beautiful cloud). He was not inexperienced. His right hand bore a scar to remind him of the Russian girl who burned a nice deep hole in it with a cigarette and then said, "Now I know that you really love me," though by that time he'd discovered he didn't. The first time he put his arm round Chi-yun she said, "You *might* take your arm away, I'm quite comfortable without it," but "My Chinese Wife" (Harrap, 10s. 6d.) shows how she changed her mind. Although there was champagne at the wedding the bridegroom, under doctor's orders, had to celebrate with a glass of Vichy water and two odious pills. The memory of that hasn't stopped him writing a most agreeable book about a cloud with a silver lining.

THE travels of a young U.S. couple, Sally and Bill Lippincott, landed them in charge of an old trading post at Wide Ruins in the Navaho country of Arizona, where they came across an Indian boy scratching out pictures on a stone. They were so impressed that they gave Beatien Yazz, otherwise Jimmy, a studio at the back of the store so that he could daub away to his heart's content. Colour reproductions of his studies of animals, birds and landscape in Alberta Hannum's "Spin a Silver Coin" (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.) have a dawn-of-the-world joy and freshness of vision which amount to native genius. The Lippincott venture, simply related, gives us intimate glimpses of Navaho village life.

Jacket design of OHO, a series of reversible faces drawn by the late Rex Whistler, with verses by Laurence Whistler (John Lane, 5s.)

MR. CLOUGH WILLIAMS-ELLIS'S wanderings are to our National Trust beauty spots and ancient buildings in "On Trust for the Nation" (Paul Elek, 25s.), a handsome volume illustrated in line and colour by Barbara Jones and by photographs. He tells the story of a great public achievement, from the first four and a half acres on the Merioneth coast to one of the latest acquisitions—Sir Richard Acland's 14,000 acres estate in Devon.

OLD houses and estates—and their ghosts—have a nostalgic appeal to Miss Winifred Graham (Mrs. Theodore Cory) who lives in one beside the Thames at Hampton. She writes of their owners and a host of (*Continued on page* 64)

Penny Plain, Tuppence Coloured

DID you have a toy cardboard theatre when you were young? If not, you haven't lived. The snipping, the gummy fingers, the thrill when at last the scene was set and you could push on your characters, all in the wrong order! The romance of *Black-Eyed Susan* and *The Miller and His Men*!

In "Juvenile Drama" (Macdonald, 15s.) Mr. George Speaight traces the history of the English Toy Theatre from Regency origins, through Victorian heydays, to its stubborn survival in Pollock's little Hoxton shop and its present-day revival, aided by enthusiasts here and in U.S.A. The author is no mere theorist; in 1932-34 he gave Christmas performances at Bumpus's Bookshop. The colour plates and other illustrations make one itch to get at the scissors and ruin a beautifully produced book; juniors will doubtless fall for it with even direr effect. If it is true, as Sir Ralph Richardson discloses, that most of it was written from memory when Mr. Speaight was stationed at Colombo, then it must be a record feat for a learned historian.

Turner The

By G. Bernard

A water-colour drawing by Turner of the Oak Staircase at Farnley Hall where Turner was often the guest of Squire Walter Ramsden Hawksworth Fawkes

Head of white owl by Turner

(On left) Drawing of a dead grouse

(Below) Head of a pheasant

THE famous works of J. M. W. Turner can always be counted on to win admiration in our art galleries, but how warm and homely—how *English*—to find that, unknown to most people even to-day, the creator of "The Fighting Temeraire" once took equal care over a number of birds seen around the northern moors and dales. This varied "feathered kingdom," extolled in English poem and song for centuries, captured Turner while he was guest of Squire Walter Ramsden Hawksworth Fawkes at Farnley Hall, Wharfedale, during the opening years of the nineteenth century.

Robin and cuckoo, woodpecker and owl, heron and red grouse with the quaint, startling cry—Goback, Goback, Goback—that is the very soul of the Yorkshire moors; these and many other birds peopled his immediate surroundings as that association between squire and artist developed into a firm friendship lasting twenty odd years, most of which Turner spent, in consequence, at Farnley Hall.

IT was in 1810 that Turner completed for his patron a Bird Book containing twenty beautiful drawings of birds and birds' heads. According to the family annals, these sketches (some of which are in water-colours) were made to illustrate a collection of birds' feathers displayed in the Farnley library, but only a first-hand knowledge of the creatures portrayed could have made them so realistic. That heron, for example, shown with a fish in its long bill: Turner must often and eagerly have watched this bird's fishing operations down by the neighbouring River Wharfe. And the white owl: perhaps while penning this study the artist had in mind some fleeting, ghost-like occupant of the woods that enclose Farnley. The cuckoo is something of a joke, as far as the Bird Book goes. By mistake, during a shooting party on Farnley Moor, Turner is said to have shot this very bird instead of a grouse!

OTHER studies suggest that although sport was evidently not Turner's *métier*, he frequently accompanied his patron's shooting parties. The grouse is chief of these, but there is also a fine head of the moor-hawk. Then follows a characteristic picture gallery of English woodland bird-life, with pheasant, partridge and woodcock, offset by beautifully plumaged jay, green woodpecker and wood-pigeon, while the kingfisher—that lightning streak of vivid blue brings the stream, once more, into the artist's ornithological *ensemble*. Goldfinch and peacock are here, too, paragons respectively of grace and flaming dignity. The

Amongst Birds

Wood

Heron with a fish in its long bill. Turner must often and eagerly have watched this bird's fishing operations down by the neighbouring River Wharfe. (On left) A fine drawing of a head of the moor-hawk

comic characters of English bird-life are nicely hit-off with heads of guinea fowl and turkey.

Local landscapes and views of Farnley Hall figured more prominently in the work Turner was doing for his patron, and most of these studies—along with the Bird Book—are still prized possessions at Farnley. Several interesting halls appear in some of these water-colours; Otley Bridge, spanning the River Wharfe, comes into others, while a few range over Farnley Park making idyllic scenes of the Lake Plantation, Lake Tiny, and so on.

During this time Fawkes, insatiable for the remainder of the landscape series he had commissioned, would write to his friend, who might be absent from Farnley for a few weeks, urging him not to forget the "Wharfedales" [*sic*]. One such letter added: "By to-morrow's coach I shall send you a box containing two pheasants, a brace of partridges, and a hare. . . ."

"Two pheasants and a brace of partridges"—the promise brings vividly to mind Turner's painting of a shooting party on Farnley Moor, possibly the very one in which he had that mishap with the cuckoo!

Several of the remaining "Wharfedales" amplify one's impression of Turner as nature lover. All the colourful profusion of a country gentleman's flower display goes into his study of "The Farnley Conservatory," while his "Entrance to the Gardens" delineates yet another aspect of this pleasaunce. So close was this friendship between squire and artist, that one of the entrances to Farnley is still named Turner's Lodge.

(On left) The comic characters of English bird-life are nicely hit off with heads of guinea fowl and (below, left) the turkey. (Below) Drawing of a beautifully plumaged jay

Photographs taken by courtesy of Major Le G. G. W. Horton-Fawkes, of Farnley Hall

In Search of Glamour

IF anyone had told us on VE-Day that during the course of the next two years we were going to have the fat ration cut down twice; that we would be rationed for bread; that our points would be cut owing to some hankey-pankey of B.U.s; that the milk situation would become more difficult; that the bacon ration would go down to one rasher a week; that the sugar ration would be cut; that we would face a black-out indoors as opposed to out; and that soap would be as difficult to get in peace as in war, we might have been tempted to give way to alarm and despondency. As far as I can see, the only silver lining to this dark cloud is to be found in the cosmetic situation. Goodness knows how long that will last, but let us enjoy it while we may.

Jane Gordon

MANY famous beauty preparations are now coming back on the market, and it seems strange to think that quite a number of them will be unknown to the girls who grew up during the war. So, for the girls who never knew, and the women who have almost forgotten the luxury of pre-war days, I am going to list the return of famous cosmetics and tell you what made their names so well known before the war. At the same time, you will probably like to know about the newest preparations which are being introduced this season.

At last you can get Elizabeth Arden's "Flower Mist" (June Geranium, or Jasmine), price 10s. 9d. or 17s. 6d. This can be used instead of perfume as a body friction. Other Arden preparations which are welcomed back, include the "Lille Lotion" which is made particularly for the oily type of skin and produces a smooth silky finish. The price, with tax, is 10s. 9d.; a special astringent for older women, price 22s. 6d.; and the Gland cream, which is excellent for crows feet, nose to mouth lines, and for the crepey throat. This costs 50s.; and the special oil, which is also good for older women, is 17s. 6d.

THE purity of the Cyclax preparations and the efficiency of the salon treatments have been well known to English beauties since the days of Edward VII. Finger massage was never given to the face, but a special instrument was used and, as far as I remember, it was like a small ivory bone. The treatment also included a thorough soap and water face shampoo, and the soap used here was of extra fine quality. Skin goods were divided into three categories, those for the young skins, the not-so-young, and the mature. Now, Cyclax have gathered together a series of their preparations for girls, which they call "The Debutante Series." These include the special baby skin food (6s. 8d. and 12s. 6d.); the complexion soap (4s. 3d.); special lotion (9s. 2d. and 17s. 6d.); and Milk of Roses, which is the perfect powder base for the average fair-skinned English girl (7s. 6d. and 14s. 2d.). The make-up they recommend for this type is: "English Rose" rouge and lipstick (5s. and 9s. 2d. respectively); and peach or pale peach powder (5s. 10d. and 10s. 10d.).

Girls who have grown up during the war have had little or no chance to learn about perfume, and even when they use perfume they usually wear it to the worst possible advantage. Personally, I do not think a concentrated perfume is becoming to the very young, but, I do think that every girl should use either a bath preparation to scent the water, or else a light body friction after the bath, especially when she has been taking exercise or before she is going to a dance. Helena Rubinstein's "Green Velvet" (£1 0s. 10d.) and "Flower Petal" (17s. 6d.) are excellent for this purpose and last a long time, and a good tip is to use either of these as an under-arm friction after the bath.

THE Dorothy Gray preparations have been famous in the United States for many years, and there are many women who will remember the luxury of the treatments given in the Dorothy Gray London salon. There was an enormous range in those days of special creams and lotions and great attention was paid to complexion tones. Now, Dorothy Gray is introducing a brand new make-up foundation called Finisheen. For dry or normal skins there is the Finisheen cream, and for oily skins, the Finisheen liquid. In order to get the perfect foundation, you must use only the tiniest amount possible and blend in thoroughly before applying the powder. The liquid should be well shaken before applying, and there is a range of five shades:—

"Fair" (for very light skins).

"Rachel Tone" (for the light, neutral complexion).

"Special Blend" (for the average colouring). (*Continued on page* 64)

Britain please Copy...!

NEWS about American labour-saving devices has been streaming across the Atlantic since years before the war. Each revelation of some new piece of domestic ingenuity has made English women a little more envious, a little more disgruntled with the make-shifts with which they have continued to make do. Quite aside from the war and its shortages, the American woman's advantages in the home leaves us slightly green. Why should the American home be so much ahead? What have they got that we haven't? There is probably no answer which covers every aspect of the problem, but there is one thing which we here are apt to overlook. American women have got what they *asked* for. They clamoured for these improvements until they got them.

FOR years American homes have had a domestic labour shortage almost as severe as our own. In their search for a solution there is no doubt that the lack of those traditions and conventions which hamper us here was an advantage.

Few American households can afford a full time domestic, even if they were available. The housewife copes herself with the aid of a routine and a scientifically planned home which absorbs most of the worst shocks.

Meals are simpler, to begin with. Americans eat out a good deal more than we do—this may or may not be a good thing but it saves work. The evening meal is the principle meal of the day. This cuts out tea. The midday lunch is a sort of picnic affair (easier, of course, where food is plentiful), but in commending these methods I am not concerned so much with our present difficulties as with the future and its promise for British housewives.

THE breakfast nook in the United States is almost traditional. Built-in seats around a fixed table either in or just off the kitchen make light of work. The breakfast nook frequently serves for other family meals at which every member serves himself from food which is prepared on the spot.

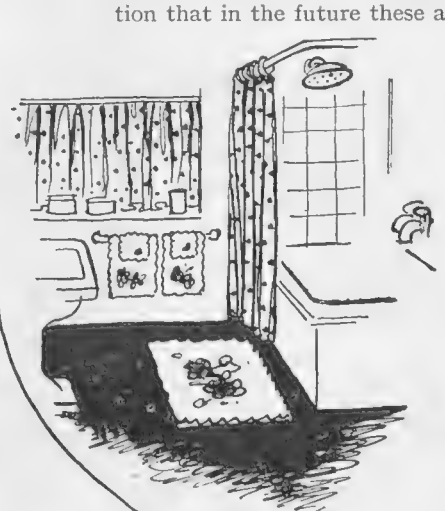
The "help-yourself" theme runs, in fact, throughout the pattern of American domestic life. "A help yourself" buffet is a well recognized form of hospitality. After a party or for that matter, after a family meal, the men will clear and wash the dishes and this is *not* exceptional. American men *are* thoroughly domesticated and, what is more, they manage to sustain this amiable characteristic without sacrificing dignity.

EVEN apart from the fact that there are things to buy in American shops which British women have almost forgotten, marketing is essentially easier than here. Again the "help yourself" theme crops up. In many domestic stores shoppers are provided with a basket on wheels which is pushed from counter to counter with shelves arranged to make selection easy. Every shelf is marked with the price of the goods displayed and when your selection is made you push your basket to the cashiers' counter where the total is made up, the money taken and your purchases bundled into a large paper sack for carrying away.

On the whole (and this applied before the war) American home merchandise is more glamorous than our own. The design of fabrics, china, glass and all household things is gay and artistic. Ready-made curtains in fascinating chintzes, frilled and flowered muslins are so easily obtainable that the average American home changes its appearance from summer to winter just as noticeably as women change their clothes in the same seasons. Flowered paper curtains are the newest innovation there and one which, when the paper shortage has been solved, will almost certainly make a hit with British women.

Of all these things Britain please take note. I speak for many women. Luxuries, as we well know, are for the moment impracticable, but the last few years have introduced a new set of values. We look forward with confidence and with determination that in the future these amenities can and must be ours.

PEGGY PITTS-TUCKER



Sally Gray in a scene from the film, "Green for Danger"

Your Face Is Their

DOES it occur to you when you smear the cream on your face at night, or whenever you touch up your make-up that you are supporting an industry which has become during comparatively recent years, one of the biggest in the world? Many millions of pounds a year are spent in this country on cosmetics and beauty preparations. In America the figure is even higher for in Britain war has restricted the production of beauty preparations and completely suspended those outcrops of the industry—the Beauty Rest Homes and Beauty Culture Schools—in which American women spend so much time and money.

Cosmetics to the woman of today are as indispensable as the very clothes she wears. Yet only a few years ago, hardly more than twenty in fact, make-up was still a furtive affair, consisting mainly of a guilty dab of powder and the merest suspicion of lip colouring (politely termed "salve") applied in strictest privacy.

Now, most women keep a range of cosmetics on the dressing-table and when austerity is relaxed the theory of co-related colour is all set for success. That is to say, cosmetics must team with clothes, lipstick, nail-varnish, powder—the whole range must team with the chosen ensemble.

A mere twenty years has brought this amazing change, and in the growth of this great industry big names and big fortunes have grown up, too.

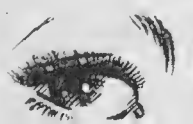
What is the story behind the personalities of the beauty business? Such household names as Elizabeth Arden, Frances Hemming and Doctor Robinson of Cyclax, Max Factor and Helena Rubinstein, to name a few of the more prominent? On dressing-tables all over the world these names are inscribed on bottles and jars, on colourful boxes and fascinating packs containing preparations which to women everywhere have become synonymous with beauty.

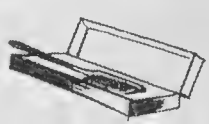
Though each of these specialists has one or several technical secrets on which success has been built, all of them have one characteristic in common. This is a deep knowledge of human psychology, and an acute sensitivity to the changing facets of the feminine mind.

Personal beauty is the individual ideal of every woman today. Without the flawless skin, the colouring of youth, the stimulus of absolute confidence in her appearance (this in spite of the many cares of home and office which press so heavily on time and energy) women are unable to look life squarely in the face. This search for physical perfection is perhaps an inevitable reaction from Victorian inhibition. The change has certainly been dramatic and rapid, stimulated to an incalculable extent by modern advertising technique. On the hoardings and in the popular press the insinuating appeal to women to be attractive has grown more and more insistent. In America even the radio appeal has been added to intensify the urge of the feminine soul for loveliness.

Behind the scenes of this great and growing expression of the feminine mood were shrewd people assessing the possibilities, planning to meet the universal demand. Their success has been built upon foresight and a highly organized response to a demand which women themselves were at first almost reluctant to express.

The story of the building up of these great businesses is no story of a "walk-away." The





personal success stories of individual personalities in the industry are those of unfailing perseverance, unremitting experiment and shrewd insight into feminine psychology.

Each of these people has specialized in a particular aspect of the beauty business. To this must be attributed their spectacular successes in what has become one of the most highly competitive of industries.

Take Elizabeth Arden—what sort of woman is this? How has she captured the imagination of the great money-spending feminine public.

Probably more than in any other way by an intensely *personal* approach to the beauty problems that confront women everywhere. To take a small but significant instance : A client once complained that a lipstick of a certain shade had changed slightly in colour. The woman was of no particular importance—just an average member of the public, but she was *right*. An exhaustive check-up was conducted and the lipsticks restored to the exact original shade. That is the sort of personal basis upon which this particular firm have based their appeal to women.

Walk iuto an Elizabeth Arden Salon anywhere (there are many of them) and a carefully calculated atmosphere

Fortune . . .

embraces you at once. You are received by women trained to encourage the atmosphere of Service; to stimulate the conviction that you, as a person, are important and full of potentiality as an individual and a beauty, at that. You walk out of that Salon with more confidence, more energy to co-operate in the business of improving yourself. You may have had a facial, you may only have bought a lipstick, but, equally important, you have received a psychological boost as well.

Elizabeth Arden emphasizes that beauty is, in fact, more than skin deep—it is essential to think of beauty in terms of the whole body, of character, deportment and personality as well. She chooses for her assistants only those who are able to convey an atmosphere of confidence and to assist individually in the important business of creating the indispensable background for beauty.

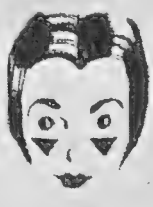
The salon beauty treatment is the average woman's idea of luxury and relaxation. This picture of an operator at work on a face massage was taken in the Cyclax Salon, London

Max Factor who, as most women know, started his spectacular career in a Hollywood film studio is now assisted in the world-famous business by his son. This is Max Factor Junior making up Maureen O'Hara

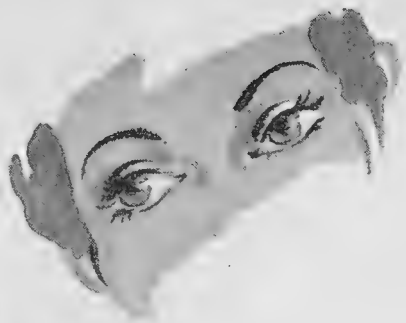
(Left) Part of the luxurious Elizabeth Arden Salon in London

TO take another example of the personal success, Cyclax (another name to conjure with in the beauty business) have specialized in the scientific approach. All the accumulation of scientific data, from chemistry to biology, goes into perfecting the popular preparations which carry this well-known name. To be beautiful the skin must be healthy. To be healthy, it must be absolutely clean. Cyclax make-up is applied *on* the skin not *in* it.

MAX FACTOR, whose name is a by-word wherever cosmetics are discussed, began his spectacular career in an American film (*Continued on page* 66)



If you want help with your beauty troubles or further details of the exercises or routines mentioned in these articles, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, W.C.1



Accentuate The Positive

MAKE-UP should be an accent on Nature. It should never be obvious and always the perfect finish to the job which nature has begun and, so often, rather puckishly left half-finished. Cosmetics used cleverly to accentuate the more positive and more attractive natural features can enhance individuality beyond measure.

So many women either mistakenly "leave well alone" or go at it wholeheartedly and with a heavy hand. Nothing could be worse than the effect achieved in such a way. Take the use of rouge for example. Cheeks should never be rouged in order only to give colour. Rouge should be used subtly to improve the facial contours. Here are a few rules to remember when using it.

Cream rouge should be used *under* the foundation. It should never be applied direct from pot to face. Use the palm of the hand as a "palette" and apply the rouge very sparingly from this.

Powder rouge should be used *over* the foundation—even after the first layer of powder. In both cases, the hard edges of the rouge should be blended off into the skin tone with a clean wad of dry cotton wool.

Rouge applied *low* on the cheeks has an ageing effect. On the other hand, a little rouge applied high on the cheekbones—almost under the eyes—is advocated by some make-up specialists for giving a youthful look and for enhancing the sparkle of the eyes.

Broad faces appear more slender if rouge is placed near the nose.

Thin faces will seem to acquire rounder contours if the rouge is placed well away from the nose and blended towards the ear.

A long face will appear shorter if the merest touch of rouge is applied to the chin.

Lipstick and rouge should always tone exactly. It is surprising that so many women still neglect this elementary rule of good make-up.

Now a few rules for improving on Nature's shaping of the mouth. This is an operation which calls for subtlety and care. A mouth carelessly re-shaped with lipstick can be a sorry spectacle.

Make a practice of using a lipliner or a very pointed lipstick to get the desired outline of the mouth.

Generous mouths are still fashionable so the lipstick can be lavishly used. Colour the inner edges of the mouth as well to avoid the hard line which so often shows at the inward curve of the lips.

Stand At

A WELL-KNOWN beauty specialist once said to me that "misery mouth" (her description of the ugly drooping lines at the mouth corners) was all too frequently caused by some kind of foot trouble.

Women are so much on their feet in these days, that it is essential to health and appearances to see that feet are comfortable and well supported.

First of all feet must be free from corns and callouses. A visit to a good chiropodist is not an extravagance and will give a great deal of comfort. Quite often corns and bunions can be cured by regular visits to these foot specialists, who will remove the corns and strap up the bunions soothingly.

Whether or not there are any chronic foot troubles regular daily care is essential, especially for those who are about on their feet a great deal. And who isn't these days?

Daily massage with a special medicated cream keeps the skin soft and firm and lessens the likelihood of corns appearing. Massage gently but firmly, kneading the cream well into the skin. Wipe off and then apply a little surgical spirit to the skin. (This can be obtained more easily now.) The spirit has a hardening effect.

Exercise the feet as much as

possible. Walk round the room ten times on tip-toe; walk another ten times on the sides of the feet—turning the ankles outward. Sit down and, crossing one leg over another, rotate the ankles ten times each. If the feet are tender dust them each day with boracic powder before putting on stockings. This is wonderfully soothing.

Women who are out and about a great deal have found that the low or medium heels which have been imposed on us by austerity shoe styles are less tiring than high ones. The arches are less likely to relax or drop with these wider based heels. Wedges have given great foot comfort and support since they became fashionable.

Well-groomed feet are comfortable ones and a weekly pedicure is an investment. The feet should be soaked in warm, soapy water for about ten minutes. Then, after careful drying, any hard patches of skin should be painted with cuticle remover. When this has been bathed off, scrub them gently with coarse kitchen salt and pure cold water. This has a wonderful effect on the circulation and keeps the feet in good trim.

Toe nails are best cut in a straight line, in order to avoid agonizing ingrowing nails. The nails themselves should be cleaned with an orange stick and a little peroxide. Varnished nails please some women and I am in entire agreement if they give a feeling of well-being, but please don't call attention to your feet in summer by using nail varnish unless your feet are shapely and unblemished.

Ankles and legs in good muscular trim contribute towards comfortable feet. A sound regular treatment for weak ankles is to massage them, using a little talcum powder, from the ankle upwards with a firm rotary movement. This has also a slimming effect on legs that are not so slender.

Swollen and puffy ankles should be attended to without delay as they are occasionally indicative of internal disorders. See your doctor at once if your ankles swell.

A most important rule for healthy feet and legs is to rest them as much as possible. The old maxim "Never stand when you can sit, never sit when you can lie down" is only too true. If you lead an active life put the feet up—on a slightly higher level than the head if possible—and relax whenever the opportunity presents even if it is only for a few minutes at a time. The effect is surprisingly restful and has the happiest results with "misery mouths" and the ageing lines which foot discomfort etches even upon the most youthful faces.

For thin lips use the "liner" to extend them slightly and then fill in with the lipstick. Smooth off with the finger-tip and remove any rough edges with a tissue.

Full lips should be more sparingly dealt with and a less vivid shade of lipstick used.

If the upper lip is thinner than the lower, slightly increase it to match, but do this discreetly, taking care completely to cover the natural outline.

Two important rules for lipstick users are to keep any trace of colour from the teeth and to avoid a rough, blotchy colouring of the lips.

Eyebrow shaping is an operation (*Continued on page* 69)

Eyes Bright

CLEAR, bright eyes are, in themselves, enough to put a woman in the beauty class. They are certainly the hall-mark of health and vitality. Unfortunately sparkling eyes do not just "happen." They are more often the result of routine care and cultivation.

First in the eye health and beauty ritual is cleansing. Make it a firm rule to bathe the eyes regularly. Use a clean eye-bath and a good lotion. If no lotion is available use boiled water which has been allowed to cool and to which a pinch of boracic powder has been added.

Eye exercises stimulate circulation and contribute towards the health of the tissues and even, it is claimed, towards better vision. Blinking is good exercise for the eyes. Blink naturally and with a relaxed movement whenever you remember it. Never on any account rub the eyes or dig at them with the knuckles. If the eyes are tired, or irritating for any reason screw the lids up tightly and then relax them again several times. The increased flow of blood which this promotes will relieve discomfort and fatigue.

Clear whites of the eyes indicate healthy inner cleanliness. If the whites of the eyes are tinged with yellow, the probable cause is a slight liver disorder. Take a mild laxative for a day or so and drink plenty of water.

The Trickiest Meals

DISHES FOR BREAKFAST

KIDNEY ROLLS

KIDNEY ROLLS

Cut the kidneys into very small pieces and fry for five minutes in margarine or lard, adding a good pinch of pepper and a very little salt. Mix with some thick mushroom sauce (one tablespoonful per kidney) and serve on rolls cut in half, buttered and previously browned in a hot oven.

DEVILLED TOAST

Cream 1 oz. of margarine with 1 teaspoonful of mustard, one of chutney and a pinch of pepper. Spread the mixture on slices of bread and put them in a hot oven until brown. Fry as many sausages as there are pieces of bread and arrange the former on the devilled toasts

SAUSAGE RISSOLES

Take small sausages and sew the ends of each together so as to form a ring. Make some short pastry with 4 oz. of flour, one of lard and enough milk to form a dough which kneads well. Roll it out thinly, cut into pieces large enough to enclose a sausage, pinch the edges together and either fry them over a low fire or leave them in a medium oven until golden brown.

POTATO PUFFS

Boil five large potatoes; rub them with a wooden spoon through a wire sieve into a basin; add five tablespoonfuls of flour, half a pint of milk, and two eggs (dry). Stir all smoothly. Have a pan of hot fat ready and drop in a tablespoonful of the mixture at a time. Fry to a nice brown, drain on a paper and send to table piled on a napkin which is folded so as to cover the puffs. Dust a pinch of salt over each just before serving.

HUNGRY HUNTER

Cook a teacupful of macaroni in some

SHRIMP STUFFING

Pass through the mincer enough shelled shrimps to fill half a cup; mix them with 2 oz. of creamed margarine, 1 reconstituted egg, half a cupful of breadcrumbs and season to taste with salt and pepper. Use with fresh water fish or as a stuffing for baked potatoes.

"LEFT-OVERS" STUFFING

Pass any scraps of meat left over from your joint through the mincer and pound with an equal quantity of bread soaked in milk and squeezed out. Weigh the mixture and mix it with a quarter of its quantity of creamed margarine. Salt and pepper to taste and add enough reconstituted egg to bind well. Chopped herbs might be added according to taste. Can be used as fried or poached balls with mashed potatoes or as a filling.

MUSHROOM FORCEMEAT

Melt 2 oz. of margarine or 1 oz. of lard and fry ¼ lb. of peeled mushrooms. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. When tender remove the mushrooms, keeping

Fish As A Main Dish

ASTRONOMICALLY the month of April is regarded as the signal of a change of diet; it is, by the calendar anyway, the beginning of spring when, ideally, we should be able to produce the lighter fare denied us during the dreary winter months. The old French gourmands held that the honours of this month were divided between ham and lamb; this would still be the case if times were normal, but on account of rationing neither of these spring specialities can hold pride of place in a cookery article.

There are, however, other light and appetizing food materials just as welcome such as lettuce, spinach, peas, new potatoes, asparagus (very dear!) and very occasionally a spring chicken or duckling, whereas fish is usually abundant and somehow more welcome than in the depths of winter.

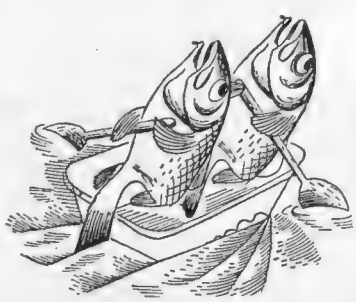
Some of the following methods of presenting fish are a little different, light and tasty and they make a welcome break from the inevitable steamed and fried fish.

STEWED BRILL

It is necessary for this dish to have some fish stock so ask for some bones or a head when you buy the brill and simmer them gently in water for half an hour. Take sufficient of the stock to cover the fish, add to it a nut of margarine, a dessertspoonful of vinegar, a bouquet of mixed herbs, pepper and salt. Having cleaned a medium sized brill, score it across the back with a sharp knife, place in a stewing pan, cover with the liquor and simmer till done. Drain the fish and keep it hot. Meanwhile, for the sauce, reduce a pint of stock to half that quantity, add a teaspoonful each of chopped parsley and chopped capers and pour over the fish. Serve surrounded by cos lettuce and sliced new potatoes.

COD'S ROE SHAPES

Wash well in salted water a fresh cod's roe, blanch it, rinse and sprinkle with lemon juice. Cook gently for twenty minutes in just sufficient water to cover the roe, adding a sprig of parsley, a celery stick and six peppercorns. Put between plates to press until cold, trim off all ragged edges and cut into neat slices. Spread each slice with the following farce: soak 1 oz. of fine breadcrumbs in half a teacupful of milk; add one tablespoonful of finely chopped shrimps, a few drops of anchovy essence, salt and pepper to taste and one beaten reconstituted egg. Arrange side by side in a fireproof dish, sprinkle with breadcrumbs, pour over a tablespoonful of melted margarine and leave in a moderate oven for fifteen minutes. Serve garnished with fried parsley and a dish of lightly boiled new carrots. The roe trim-



Of The Day

AND LIGHT SUPPER

SAUSAGE RISSOLES

stock for about ten minutes then strain off. Dissolve in a saucepan 1 oz. of margarine, add the macaroni, with salt and pepper to taste, and stir over a very low fire until hot. In another saucepan make a white sauce then add slowly a gill of hot water. When quite thick put in some boiled fish, broken into flakes and add two teaspoonfuls of anchovy sauce, the juice of half a lemon (optional), a little grated nutmeg and pepper and salt if considered necessary. Let the fish warm through without boiling and when ready pile the macaroni in the centre of a dish, arrange the fish round the base and pour the sauce over all. If you have chickens and an available egg sprinkle over a finely chopped hard-boiled egg.

SURPRISE POTATOES

Bake one large potato per person; cut off the tops lengthways and scoop out the inside without breaking the skins. While hot the potato must be pressed through a sieve, mixed with a little hot milk and a nut of margarine. Place a little of the mash back in the skins; on this lay a sardine, skinned and boned, and on top again more of the potato mixed this time with one reconstituted egg. Brush over with egg and leave in a hot oven until the potatoes are well risen and nicely coloured on top. These may be prepared the day before and the final baking only left till the morning.

MOCK EGGS AND PARSLEY

Mix one cupful of mashed potatoes with two eggs (dry), one tablespoonful of finely chopped onion, one cupful of either minced meat or corned beef and just enough milk to have a very stiff paste. Shape to the form of eggs, roll in flour, dip in milk and cover with breadcrumbs. Fry quickly and serve on a bed of fried parsley.

Harriet Muir

Seasonings And Stuffings

the liquid, and when the former are cold pass them through the mincer. Work well with a wooden spoon adding 1 oz. of creamed margarine, 4 oz. of breadcrumbs, 1 egg (dry), seasoning to taste and enough of the liquid to blend the whole. Use for stuffing birds or fish.

SEASONING FOR SOUPS

Equal parts of parsley, thyme, marjoram and chives and half of sweet basil and lemon rind.

SEASONING FOR STEWS

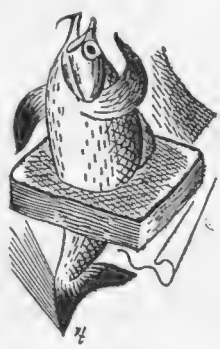
Mustard, pepper and salt in equal parts to which are added a pinch of ginger, one of cayenne and one of nutmeg.

mings, cut into tiny pieces, seasoned with salt and pepper, may be stirred into a thick white sauce, put into small individual moulds with any remains of the farce spread smoothly on the top, stood in a tin of hot water in a moderate oven for twenty minutes and then turned out carefully and garnished with fried parsley.

SALMON VOL-AU-VENT

Prepare a good-sized vol-au-vent case, or, if you are short of fat for pastry making, cut a really thick round of bread, mark with the point of a knife an inner circle, carefully remove the bread, leaving a neat case, fry a pale brown and keep hot until required.

Flake the salmon, place in a double saucepan and cover with the following sauce: Fry 1 oz. of margarine with 1 oz. of flour, add less than half a pint of fish stock, a gill of milk and three mushrooms well washed and cut into tiny dice; pour this over the salmon, make thoroughly hot and fill the case with the mixture. Serve with well-washed spinach cooked as follows: Put the spinach in a stewing pan with a very small piece of margarine and cook gently until quite tender, add a little of the fish stock thickened to a sauce and rub through a sieve. Return the pureé to the pan, season to taste, and arrange round the vol-au-vent.



HOW TO MAKE REALLY GOOD FISH STOCK

Take the bones and skin and juice from a tin of best grade salmon, part of a fresh haddock if available, a sprig of parsley, celery, one small onion, four peppercorns, salt to taste and a pinch of mace. Cover with one pint of cold water and simmer gently until reduced to half; skim, strain, and use.

CURRIED COD CUTLETS

Cut a piece of cod into neat slices, season with salt, curry powder and flour, and fry in boiling fat until nicely browned. Have ready some good curry sauce, arrange the fish in a double saucepan, pour the sauce over and simmer gently for half an hour. Dish carefully or the cutlets will fall to pieces, strain over the sauce and serve with a border of macaroni garnished with sultanas and branches of fried parsley.

MULLET—ITALIAN STYLE

Cut a carrot, a turnip and an onion into small pieces and fry them a nice brown in 1 oz. of fat; add 1 oz. of flour and when just coloured add one pint and a half of water; season, bring to the boil and cook gently until thoroughly flavoured with the vegetables, then strain the liquid and add to it a tablespoonful of chopped mushrooms and a wineglassful of sherry. (Half this quantity of vinegar can be substituted for sherry but, of course, it cannot be so good.) Cut the mullet in two, lay it in the sauce, cover with a piece of greased paper and cook gently until tender. To serve sprinkle liberally both the fish and the sauce with green peas.

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This is an invitation to relax for a quiet appointment — in Peggy Sage's charming salon — where her expert manicurists are ready to give you the most perfect manicure in London. And choose, at your treatment, from the lovely Peggy Sage nail polishes — inimitable, unchippable, diamond hard — in subtlest, most tantalising shades.

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TABLETS

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Beating the Clock

FOR the woman with a full time office job and a home to run in between whiles, life is a perpetual marathon run with the clock as one's chief opponent.

Time saving methods are all-important and a routine which is carefully timed to make the best use of every available moment is indispensable.

Little things count. For instance, in the kitchen it saves time at breakfast to bake "fairy toast" when the oven is on. Use stale bread, cut it as thin as possible and bake it when the oven is fairly low. It is quite delicious.

Make big jugs of coffee, enough for two or three sittings, especially if you do not use a percolator. Normally coffee should be left to stand while the grounds sink, but if you want to use it at once, drop a little cold water into it. Another tip; add a pinch of salt and a teaspoon of vinegar to improve the flavour

Salt is a good stain remover and a quick one—more so than many abrasives. Try it on scorched and stained saucepans. Soak tea-stained tablecloths in it and use it, again, to remove discolouration in the bath.

Jobs like emptying the carpet sweeper should be done regularly. Nothing is more maddening than a sweeper which disgorges dust when you are rushing through the chores before leaving for the office.

To save time and nervous strain keep tools in good trim. Incidentally it pays to buy the best. Good, heavy saucepans are rather costly but they do *not* scorch the moment your back is turned; they are easier to clean than cheap ones and their life, with care, is almost everlasting.

Good brooms, as well as new ones, sweep clean. If every tool you use is worthy of its tasks, it proves much easier for a harassed housewife to beat the clock.

MODERN!

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Cream Make-up Base

WHAT IS SO MODERN AND NEW ABOUT IT?

First, the dramatic difference it makes in your complexion —without a hint of that unnatural, mask-like appearance.

Second, the smooth, clear, flawless look it gives your skin —the way it keeps your make-up perfect all day long.

Apply "Sub-Tint" before powdering. It goes on lightly and evenly, hiding tiny complexion faults. It is creamy, not greasy—and it does not pull or dry your skin. Once tried, you'll never be without it, for the miracle of "Sub-Tint" will surprise even you with your own loveliness.

Coty

Informal

INTRODUCTION

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"MERCURY"

The models illustrated here possess that lasting charm and distinction always present in Dolcis shoes.

Dolcis

DOLCIS
"WINDSOR"

THERE IS A DOLCIS SHOE STORE IN EVERY LARGE TOWN.

Riddle In The Lethal Bulb

(*Continued from page* 16)

we had found any powdered glass on the body of Baron Flostoff?"

"Oh, you hadn't told me that," said Bertillon slowly. "Yes, that is significant. Powdered glass so fine as to be almost dust, you said. It is a subtle yet definite lead. Incidentally, have you had the samples analysed?"

"We have," Chief Alexander nodded. "The laboratory reports they are fragments of green-tinted bulbs. Traces of arsenic were found, but our laboratory experts state that arsenic was probably used in tinting the bulbs."

"I see," Bertillon replied thoughtfully. "Well, while in Berlin I shall stay at the Kaiserhof. If anything turns up please get in touch with me at once."

IT was shortly after lunch that Chief Alexander received a message asking him to call upon Bertillon. Together with Heineman he hastened to the Kaiserhof. They found Bertillon standing to one side of the large window of his room.

"I take back what I said about Ranesco being a trifle mad and suffering from delusions," was Bertillon's greeting. "He said that the killer had spied everywhere and that all police actions were known. Well, already they know of my arrival. Look! That fellow followed my taxi."

Peering through the curtains, Chief Alexander and Heineman saw, just across the street, a big, bearded taxi driver ostensibly tinkering with the engine of his taxi.

"Oh! Now they are changing the guard," Bertillon added, as they watched a shabbily-dressed loafer shuffle up to the taxi driver. After a few words the taxi drove away while the loafer remained leaning against a lamp post from where he could watch the entrance to the hotel.

It was dark before Chief Alexander and Heineman returned to headquarters, to be informed that several times during the afternoon someone had telephoned urging them to go to No. 19, Heringsgasse, Moabit, at once.

"It could only be Ranesco," Chief Alexander decided. "I'll phone Bertillon. Perhaps he would like to come with us."

Bertillon was only too eager and shortly they were picking their way warily along the Heringsgasse to No. 19. But this time no one opened the door. Chief Alexander tried the handle. It swung wide.

"Have your guns ready," Chief Alexander whispered as they groped their way inside the tumbledown, unlighted building. "It might be a trap. We are three and we are armed, so we'll risk using our pocket torches."

Immediately three powerful beams illuminated the room, and what the light revealed caused all three officers to catch their breaths. Sprawled in one corner of the room lay Ranesco. His face was tinged a ghastly blue and his left hand clutched at his throat while his right was closed about the heavy pistol he had half drawn from a pocket. One glance was enough to show he was dead. But even more, in the beams of light something glittered.

"Glass dust!" Heineman breathed. "See! His face and clothing are sprinkled with it."

While the others stood guard, Heineman leaned over Ranesco and sniffed at his lips.

"Definitely poison," he said, straightening up. "Why, I can now note the reek in the room."

"And there is also a smell of burnt paper," Bertillon put in. "Ah! See!" He lifted the lid of the rusty stove in the room. It was half filled with flaky ashes. "Perhaps Ranesco found out more and, afraid that he might not live to tell us, made a written report which his enemies burned after killing him."

"But Ranesco was shrewd," Chief Alexander said thoughtfully. "If he had anything to tell us he might have hidden what he had written and left a fake note to throw the murderer off the track. Let us search."

In their search of the room, Heineman cast the beam of his flashlight methodically along the floor. Its sharp light picked out a piece of folded paper wedged under one leg of the rickety table. Stooping, Heineman removed the paper and flattened it out.

"Look!" he exclaimed. "Ranesco hid his report as a prop for one table leg."

The three officers read together:

"My spy has learned the identity of the murderer and informs me that they also have learned about my hiding here. As soon as it is dark I shall dress as an old woman and try to escape, but in case I fail I herewith write down what I have learned.

"The murderer is a fanatical Russian revolutionary named Treganowski. Formerly a leading doctor in St. Peter's Hospital in Moscow, he was always experimenting with poisons and had to flee when several patients died suddenly and mysteriously.

"In Berlin he has surrounded himself with other revolutionists, their object being to obtain by any means money to further their revolutionary plans. Rosa Varech is Treganowski's chief aide. Through her social connections, she can advise him as to the ones it will pay to kill and rob, such as Baron Flostoff and Violette Dufour.

"Good-bye.

"Constantino Ranesco."

"Poor fellow," Chief Alexander said softly, placing the note in a pocket. "He has done far more alone than we have collectively—and paid with his life."

By the next morning Chief Alexander, Heineman and Bertillon had decided upon a plan.

Berlin newspapers were informed that, working single-handed, Chief Detective-Inspector Karl Heineman had uncovered a clue that convinced him that both Baron Flostoff and Violette Dufour had been murdered and robbed—and moreover by the same man. The idea was that after the newspapers had published the story, Treganowski would make every effort to kill Heineman, and by doing so be trapped himself.

Late that night, in accordance with their plan, Heineman picked his way over the rubble that littered the Heringsgasse. Just ahead of him moved two big men dressed like merchant seamen. Behind him slouched two other roughly dressed men, Chief Alexander and Bertillon.

Heineman had just come abreast of Kampf's Tavern when, noting a slight movement in the shadows, Chief Alexander blew sharply on his whistle. On the signal, Heineman flung himself face downwards to the ground, even as something flashed through the air and with a soft plop and tinkling of breaking glass crashed against the wall of the house behind him.

Again Chief Alexander blew on his whistle, this time three short blasts. Instantly scores of officers swarmed from hiding and came running. In seconds Kampf's Tavern was surrounded by armed men.

"What is it?" asked Chief Alexander and Bertillon when they reached Heineman who, sitting up, was scraping together tiny fragments of glass.

"I now understand," Heineman said grimly, getting to his feet. "The murderer uses glass bulbs filled with what I believe is compressed hydrogen arsenide gas. Evidently he threw them into his victims' faces thus breaking them. Just one whiff would cause instant death. That solves the riddle of the lethal bulb, but it is lucky that you warned me in time and that I held my breath as I lay there."

"Yes," Chief Alexander agreed hurriedly. "Now we must warn the others before they enter the tavern." Hastening across the road he issued orders. On the instant officers crashed in all doors and windows.

"Now!" Chief Alexander thundered. "All of you in there come out with your hands up Any who disobey or try to run will be shot."

One by one more than a score of inmates

(*Continued on page* 60)

So easy for Mother... vegetables *ready-sieved*

YOU can save much precious time by giving Baby his vegetables *ready-sieved!* Brand's Baby Foods provide vacuum-cooked, vacuum-packed vegetables, ready-to-serve in glass jars. They're so finely sieved that not a particle of fibre can reach Baby's delicate stomach. Your doctor will confirm that Baby can get his necessary vegetables, at 4 months old, safely and conveniently this way, with all the goodness kept in, all the fibres left out, and all the time and trouble saved! Let *your* baby have these ready-sieved vegetables.

Strained Carrots, Strained Spinach, also Strained Prunes, and Bone & Vegetable Broth.

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Brand's Baby Foods

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X marks the spot where glamour perished

DON'T WAIT for a suit to get really dingy and soiled before cleaning it. The back of the collar, lapels, and cuffs are the first places to show dirt. It's easy to keep them continually fresh and clean yourself.

Moisten a cloth with a little Thawpit and go over these places carefully. Look out for any other soiled spots. Then give the suit a good brushing.

Thawpit is easy to use and doesn't injure fabrics, or affect colours. (Follow the directions!)

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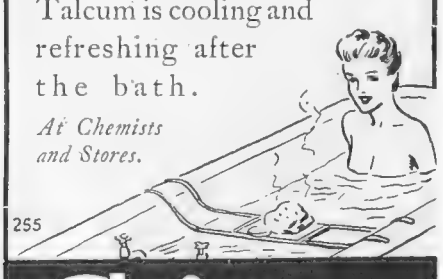

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Cuticura SOAP

emerged, to be at once seized and handcuffed.

"But," Chief Alexander said, as he, Heineman and Bertillon scrutinized their captives, "I do not see anyone who might be Treganowski."

"No," Heineman agreed, staring fiexdly at one of the prisoners. "But look at this!"

"Stepping forward he snatched off the captive's hat, revealing a woman's long hair. "Rosa Varech," he said triumphantly, "disguised as a man."

"But Treganowski?" Chief Alexander questioned. "Has he escaped after all?"

"No, sir." One of the prisoners shuffled forward. "I am Hans Kampf. Treganowski is still in there, in the cellar. Barrels of beer hide the trapdoor. He made me put them there even as he made me let him use my tavern as his headquarters."

"Well, lead the way," Chief Alexander ordered.

Presently he, Heineman, Bertillon and others were grouped about a trapdoor the moving of barrels had revealed.

"It will mean certain death to open the trapdoor and go down," Kampf whispered fearfully, edging away. "He has firearms and also that terrible gas. You will never capture him alive."

"No?" Chief Alexander snapped, then ordered: "Fetch the gas masks!"

Presently two officers returned, their arms burdened with masks. All in the tavern donned them, then two policemen heaved open the trapdoor and jumped back as bullets came crashing out of the cellar.

Officers raised their pistols to reply, but Chief Alexander stopped them.

"Treganowski," he called, "you are hopelessly trapped and we are protected from your gas. Better surrender."

The answer was a taunt and another burst of bullets. Chief Alexander nodded. On the instant a score of guns roared in unison and a hail of bullets swept down into the cellar.

Riddle In The Lethal Bulb

Hearing a choking cry from below, Chief Alexander, Heineman and Bertillon stepped closer and shone their flashlights into the cellar. The circle of light revealed a big, bearded and moustached man staggering blindly about. In his right hand he still clutched a heavy automatic pistol.

And then, even as they watched, with a last supreme effort Treganowski lifted his pistol and fired one more shot. But this time he aimed at something in the cellar. Came the crash of splintering glass and then Treganowski fell backwards clutching gaspingly at his throat.

Waiting for a few minutes and making certain that their masks were properly adjusted, Chief Alexander, Bertillon and Heineman, followed by other officers, clambered down into the cellar. They first examined Treganowski. He was dead. Then they looked awedly all about them. Glass littered everything and scrunched beneath their feet. They then saw the reason.

With his last shot Treganowski had shattered a huge metal and glass globe which had obviously been the container of the deadly gas he had manufactured. On a table stood a number of small, greenish glass bulbs, some already filled with gas, others not yet used. Near them lay an ingenious spring gun so fitted that it could shoot the poison bulbs accurately for a considerable distance, at least the width of a street.

Back at headquarters, as they were closely examining the bulbs they had retrieved from the cellar, Bertillon said:

"I would say that one of these would hold at least half a cubic foot of compressed gas, so, even if it burst two or three feet away from an intended victim it would cause instant death."

Chief Alexander and Heineman nodded silent agreement. The riddle of the lethal bulbs had been solved.

END

Made With Five Ounces

(*Continued from page 40*)

THE BACK

Work as for the front until 20 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE SHOULDERS AND NECK

Work 45 sts., cast on 11 sts. Work 45 sts. Work on the last set of 45 sts., cast off 3 sts. at the beg. of every neck edge row until 32 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 armhole end rows. Return to the first set of 45 sts. and work to correspond.

EDGINGS FOR SIDES

With No. 12 needles cast on 7 sts. Work 2 strips in moss stitch 38 ins. long. Cast off.

SIDE FASTENINGS FOR BUCKLES (2)

Cast on 9 sts. Work in moss stitch on No. 12 needles. Work for 1½ ins. Cast off.

BUCKLE STRAP (2)

Cast on 2.

Next row:—Inc. 1 st., k. 1.

Next row:—Inc. 1 st., k. 2. Continue increasing 1 st. at the beg. of every row until 9 sts. on needle. Work for 1½ ins. Cast off.

NECK BAND

Join up the shoulders leaving one shoulder open for 1½ ins. Pick up the stitches round the neck with No. 12 needles. Work 8 rows moss stitch. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press back and front with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew edgings down each side of back and front. Sew on the buckle fastenings. Sew on the buckles. Work 2 button loops on the front of shoulder. Press all edgings. Sew on buckles. END

With A Hand-Embroidered Yoke

(*Continued from page 40*)

Join wool on the remaining 64 sts. and work next 34 sts. in main rib for ½ in. on No. 12 needles. Cast off in rib on wrong side. Join wool at the remaining 30 sts. Work to shoulder end. Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next 3 armhole end rows.

THE BACK

Work as for the front until after armhole shaping. Now continue in main colour wool and main rib until armhole measures 7 ins.

SHAPE NECK AND SHOULDERS

Work 30 sts., cast off 34 sts., work 30 sts. Work 2 rows on the last 30 sts. Then cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next 3 armhole end rows. Return to the first set of 30 sts. Join wool at the neck edge. Work 2 rows. Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next 3 armhole end rows.

SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles cast on 78 sts. Work in main rib for 1 in. Change to No. 10 needles, continue in main rib. Work for 1 in., and then inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 4th row following until 88 sts. on needle and sleeve measures 6 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of every row until 60 sts. remain. Then 1 st. at the beg. of every row until 42 sts. remain. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press all parts *lightly* with a warm iron and damp cloth. Tack transfer on to contrast panel and the right side of work. Embroider over the transfer. Then pull the paper away. Press on the wrong side. Sew up the side and sleeve seams. Sew up 1 in. of shoulder seams. Sew in sleeves. With No. 12 crochet hook work 2 rows of double crochet on the front shoulders. Work button loops. Work 2 rows of double crochet on the back shoulders. Turn over the front neck ribbing and stitch down neatly. Press all seams. Sew on buttons.

ABBREVIATIONS

K. = knit; p. = purl; st. = stitch; sts. = stitches; dec. = decrease; inc. = increase; tog. = together; beg. = beginning; s. = slip.

END

He would find me in the middle of my chores!

"Laying the fire isn't what a girl would *choose* to be doing when her boy friend calls. But though my apron was grubby my face was freshly made-up with Icilma, so it didn't matter." Clever girls trust to the beauty given by Icilma Foundation Cream and Face Powder to keep them always looking their best, no matter what unexpected situation turns up.

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BILL FOOLISH
only cleans
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safeguards his
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healthy too!
YOUR teeth may look good, but gum neglect and soft modern foods can cost you the lot! So visit your dentist regularly and use S.R. Toothpaste. Sodium ricinoleate in S.R. stimulates gums to resist germs; and S.R. keeps teeth sparkling clean, too!
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TOOTHPASTE
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Film Star's Wife

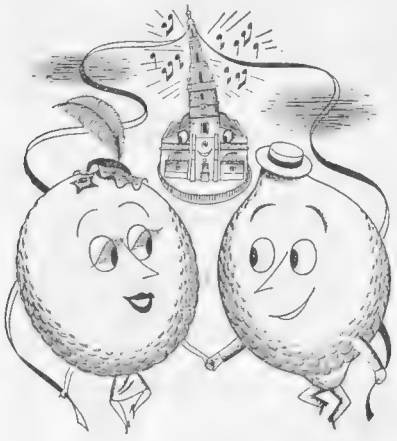
Mrs. James Mason

The lovely wife of popular James Mason wrote the film script for "The Upturned Glass." She's author, too, of an outstanding new novel. Small and dainty, Mrs. Mason has an exquisite olive skin that is the envy of her friends. "I keep my skin always smooth and soft by regular cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "And I use Pond's Vanishing Cream as a powder base."

POND'S CREAMS

oranges and lemons

(SAY THE BELLS OF ST. CLEMENT'S)



soon the bells will ring for the welcome return of

IDRIS

The Quality Soft Drink

Welcome The Self-Supplying Tourist

(Continued from page 17)

in five years or ever do I see it, unless and until divers great drawbacks of Britain, in foreign eyes, are remedied. It is an altogether too self-flattering mirage. Still, some tourists we shall have this very year, maybe 50,000 of all kinds, and we want them to be contented, don't we? The worst kind of advertisement is a discontented tourist, isn't he? And what makes a tourist more discontented than a gnawing interior, especially if he—and she—be an overfed American, Swede or Swiss?

Why do I harp on this trio? Because they are the only ones likely to visit us in any number this year, being the only ones with the exit cash in hand. The silly, the wrong thing to do is to lure them here on the strength of our rations only, which would be nothing short of an encouragement of the black market, sure to be substantially drawn upon by hotel and restaurant caterers in order to satisfy the hefty visiting appetites. For what does it amount to? We can encompass our visitors' content in one of three ways. We can give them special rations, which would cause an outcry. We can draw on the black market, which would cause nothing, as usual. And we can say: "Dear boys and girls, *do* bring along with you anything within reason which you think you will miss, or want!"

From as far away as New South Wales, would-be visitors are prepared to arrive here, not only with their billy-cans, but with stuff to cook in them. Says London's Agent-General, Mr. Tully: "If Australians were allowed a considerable increase over the 25 lb. of food they are allowed to bring into the U.K., it would help doubtful tourists to make up their minds."

I cannot for the life of me see why there should be any hesitation. All that's necessary is a fresh list to the Customs, and the dissemination of it abroad. But that's not the way our catering industry sees it; oh dear no! This industry, which has yet to learn much about the reception and comfort of foreigners, objects that their self-supplemented Little Marys would be "a world-wide advertisement that we are unable to do our job, tantamount to telling the world that British caterers are bad hosts."

This, of course, is the bunk. Why? Because the first Swedish tourists to come here, last spring, knew sufficient to feed from their ship during their stay; because lists of comestibles, printed in America, have told Americans what they would be well advised to take to Britain; and because the Swiss are quite aware of how we stand as regards food, from contact with masses of British folk.

This last argument does not run with all foreigners. Many believe we must be right well off, seeing, as they do, our exported delicacies, and even non-delicacies, in their shop windows. Such ones will be grievously disappointed if they come here, unless they are put wise beforehand. But the Swiss and the Americans and the Swedes, the Big Three of our immediate touristic hopes, are under no illusions, so that it is nonsense to talk of our being bad hosts if we allow them to compensate, on their own, for our lack of provender. And incidentally this is where I come up with that misconception, mislaid a few paragraphs earlier.

Our caterers proffer the belief that Americans would not like taking elaborate meals in restaurants beside British guests with meagre rations. I don't suppose any foreigners would, not as a routine, though there would be occasions for celebrating in public, to which only foolish Britons could object, given the circumstances. But anyway that's not the point.

The self-supplying tourist does not take his foodstuffs to a foreign country with the primary idea of regularly passing them to a restaurant chef before meals. That is to miss the whole notion, which is to keep these supplementaries for private parties and picnics, as restoring snacks between meals, for entertaining of the impromptu kind, and for journeys. And by "private parties" I don't just mean upstairs in hotel suites. Americans, in particular, like to visit private houses, and what is against their providing some of the provender in present circumstances, even as the G.I. Joes did up and down the land? Did that "mortify" us, as the caterers are afeared the, in part, self-fed foreign tourist would humiliate us? What is the eating difference, now and then, in this country? We are still on war eating conditions, and worse.

The caterers should worry. Just as they make an exorbitant corkage charge, they'd soon enough be making a cookage one on "all meals, or parts of meals, introduced from foreign countries, which includes the Dominions but not Northern Ireland."

Even that would be better than the poor, dear Swedes and Swiss and Americans grumbling in their tummies whilst trying to be happy among us; longing for their smorgesbrodt and fendant and fried chicken when we can make available to them these and other national "musts," by a mere stroke of the pen.

In any case, this trend towards the partially self-supplying tourist is sure to develop this summer on the Continent, if not here, and it should be welcome on the score that hotels and restaurants are not the only places where foreign visitors expend money and add to those invisible exports. Tourists buy many other things in the way of personal relaxation of a varied and sometimes peculiar order, costly souvenirs and shopping, transport and sightseeing, while of course they have to go on paying for accommodation, not to mention tax and service charges, whatever they bring along in their knapsacks.

Illustrative of the countries into which it is fit and proper for tourists to be allowed to bring foodstuffs especially, at this juncture, may be cited—France, Spain, Italy and the United Kingdom. Countries where it is not necessary to introduce supplementary "eats" are—Denmark, Sweden, Switzerland and Eire. Belgium might be added to the latter category, also Czechoslovakia, though I shall continue to take supplementaries to each on account of the disabling cost of finding them at the £ exchange.

What one takes along may even vary according to which part of a country one is bound for. Before going to the Riviera last December, friends down there told me what to include, and the accent was strongly on milk, fats, tobacco, chocolate, and tinned meat.

We seem to be headed for a wider tribe of self-contained hoboes, and the picture should sharpen as more motorists and caravaners, cyclist contraptions and tenters, come on the roads. Will this partial self-sufficiency make tourists less unpopular than they always have been (Evelyn Waugh, I see, says they have never been liked anywhere save in Norway and at seaside resorts)? I should imagine a lot will depend on the visitors' behaviour, at anyrate in the countries short of food.

Finally, if our caterers wish to know which way the wind is blowing, let them consider what American concerns are planning for this summer, and even the American Army. This goes away beyond the notion of the partially self-supplying tourist. Americans are to pay an all-in sum in New York before entering aircraft which will take them on a short tour to London, Paris, Brussels, Amsterdam and Berne, and on a longer one that will include, in addition, Rome, Venice, Milan and Naples.

The air-trippers are to journey on the Nazi "Strength through Joy" principle. The first lot will pay £212 and the second bunch £262, and for these sums the tourists will be fed at American rest camps, also, apparently, housed in them. As for the U.S. Zones in Germany and Austria, American tourists are to go there too, when they will be taken on the army ration strength, paying in dollars for food and lodging. What the Germans will think, is another matter.

END

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For the well-dressed woman

Tailored Suits

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Pullovers

lovelier shades
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but I've got a tin of NESCAFÉ

Nescafé, Nestlé's soluble coffee product, is easy to make—hard to get. But when you do "catch the bus" with Nescafé — what a grand cup of coffee you'll enjoy!

26 A NESTLÉ'S PRODUCT

"Kumfees"

by

Holmes

NORWICH

"Kumfee" sandal in primrose calf

The good tempered

"KIRBIGRIP"

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

NEVER LETS *YOU*,

***or your hair*, DOWN**

It doesn't matter how many times you use a Kirbigrip it still retains its spring. Moulded to the shape of the head, Kirbigrips, with over a 100 years experience in changing hairstyles, are

MADE *PERFECTLY*

for You

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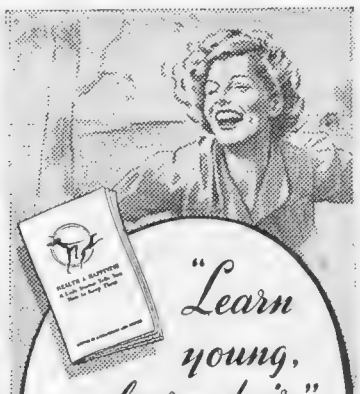

"Learn young, learn fair"

Daughters sometimes won't listen to Mother's advice. And Mothers know that Health and Freshness are more attractive than lipstick and powder!

So — let your daughter read **"Health and Happiness"**, specially written by a Lady Doctor. It will interest Mother too.

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SANITAS

The Safe PERSONAL Antiseptic

1/1½ *From every Chemist*

Books (*Continued from page* 45)

other interesting friends in further reminiscences, **"Observations"** (Skeffington, 15s.) which abound in good stories. One is about a girl who was asked her religion. "My father is a Protestant," she replied, "my mother a Roman Catholic, Granny is a Baptist and I am a Radio!" Another tells of the author, as a child, saying her prayers and father popping in every few minutes to find her still on her knees. "Isn't Winnie a very long time at her prayers?" he whispers to her sister, "Well, you see," Evelyn replies, "every time you come into the room she has to begin them all over again!" In her book as in her home, she is a gracious hostess. She writes so generously of your reviewer that he's rushing out to buy himself a size ten "Greenwood Hat!"

A BOOK also redolent of statelier days is Mrs. Kathleen Nugent Hicks's autobiography **"From Rock to Tower"** (Macdonald, 12s. 6d.) which chronicles the busy life she shared with her late husband, the Bishop of Lincoln, and its progress by way of Cheshunt, Toddington, Brighton, and Gibraltar. Incidentally, it warns us that churchmen should be wary of alarm watches. Dr. Hicks proudly bought one. It went off in the palace chapel, Chichester, during morning prayers, whereupon his sister bolted out thinking it was the telephone. Another time it misbehaved at 11 a.m. at a meeting, and the committee said it was obvious at what hour the vicar usually left his bed. Apart from alarums there were excursions to Switzerland and Palestine to lighten a gentle, devout family record.

OUTSTANDING among novels this month is Mr. Benedict Kiely's **"Land Without Stars"** (Christopher Johnson, 8s. 6d.), the story of two brothers—one an I.R.A. gunman, the other a missionary—and the conflict of their love for a girl. Vivid with the beauty of West Donegal and old legends, it is written with a spiritual intensity in a quiet musical prose that asks—like Donn Byrne's—to be read aloud.

MR. H. DE VERE STACPOOLE has taken a strange theme for **"The Story of My Village"** (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.)—life in a remote corner of Essex when a new blindness disease, epidemic corneitis, spreads over the earth from east and west, leaving death and silence in its train. Cities die; only villagers survive to create a simpler pastoral civilization. The author doesn't think we've had enough troubles this winter; he finds us a new one to make our flesh creep. I always thought people who lived in Essex were subject to dire forebodings. . . . It must be the clay, so close to our mortality.

ANOTHER vintage writer, Mr. Horace Annesley Vachel, takes an Enoch Arden theme in **"Eve's Apples"** (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.): the complication when a husband who fled from a business crisis to South America returns from the "dead" to find his wife remarried—and to a vicar. Chivalry, sacrifice, and the wisdom of daughter Eve soften a difficult situation. The reflective asides include this: "When a wife wrongs her husband, she begins to hate him even if she is unaware of it. When a husband is unfaithful to his wife, he may go on loving her."

WHAT happens to a girl when her mother warns her: "The more you love, the more hostages you give to life. The more ways you can be hurt"? She promptly goes queueing up for all the hurt she can get, doesn't she? That isn't quite true of Julia in Miss Dorothea Cornwell's **"They Dare Not Go a-hunting"** (Hammond, 9s. 6d.), but when the family doctor prescribes a hair-do and new hat she's well on the way. . . . A very feminine story, this, all about what mother feared.

MR. JOHN SELBY'S **"Elegant Journey"** (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.) is about pioneering in the mid-West States in the 1830s—a planter who uproots and takes his family into the Wisconsin wilds to build a city. I like this kind of story about heroic strivings and adventures, the will to win through at all costs. It makes me feel that men are still men, even though it happened a long way away a long time ago. . . .

HERE is a list of books which will repay the attention of readers:—

NOVELS.

"Our Hero," Denis Mackail (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.); **"Messenger at Arms,"** George Woden (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.); **"Sealed Entrance,"** C. Voss-Bark (Chapman & Hall, 8s. 6d.); **"Intrigue for Empire,"** Kathleen Moore Knight (Hammond, Hammond, 8s. 6d.); **"White Flowers,"** Elyeen Harrold (Earl 8s. 6d.); **"No One's Kindness,"** George Loveridge (W. H. Allen, 7s. 6d); **"The Girl from France,"** Jane England (Hurst & Blackett, 9s.); **"The Façade,"** Eileen Tremayne (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.); **"Murder in White Pit,"** John Barrington (John Langdon, 6s. 6d.); **"Dick Heriot's Wife,"** Susan Inglis (Hurst & Blackett, 9s. 6d.); **"Lost Landladies,"** Margaret Baillie-Saunders (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.); **"Mrs. Clements,"** Viola Castang (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.); **"Revised Proof,"** Peter Conway (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.).

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Envoy Unextraordinary," Donald Dunnam (Hammond, Hammond, 8s. 6d.); **"The Prices Return,"** Virginia Pye (Faber and Faber, 7s. 6d.); **"For Those Who Wait,"** F/Lt. S. L. Berry, D.F.C. (Morris, 8s. 6d.); **"A Phoenix Too Frequent,"** Christopher Fry (Hollis & Carter, 6s.); **"Blue is the Sky,"** G. D. Fleming (Earl, 10s. 6d.); **"The First Gentleman,"** a play by Norman Ginsbury (Hammond, Hammond, 8s. 6d.); **"Careers and Vocational Training,"** a Complete Guide to Women's Professions (Wadsworth, 10s. 6d.); **"Britain in Chains,"** John Dalgleish (Everybody's Books, 1s.); **"Jersey Under the Jackboot,"** R. C. F. Maugham, C.B.E. (W. H. Allen, 7s. 6d.).

END

In Search Of Glamour (*Continued from page* 48)

"Portrait Pink" (for blondes).

"Sun Tone" (for very dark brunettes, or sun-tanned skins).

The price for both cream and liquid is 8s. 4d.

Other famous names in the world of beauty are coming back on the market slowly, and famous Bond Street shops are beginning to open their doors more frequently. One such door is Coty's, and though you may not be lucky enough to find the perfume that you want, at least you can talk to the girl behind the counter. I have even been fortunate enough to have a Coty hair friction, though I must admit this only happened once. I was offered a selection, and chose Chypre. Louis Philippe's lipsticks were tremendously popular before the war, and these are procurable again in five shades: —Pandora, Promenade, Framboise, Medium and Light. The powder, which is very soft and clinging, is back in four shades—Sunburst, Brunella, Apricot and Peach. Both cost 7s. 6d. At Yardley's of Bond Street the salon is re-opening for beauty treatments. These range from 7s. 6d. for a cleanse and make-up, to one guinea for a special mask and toning treatment.

Women's hands have suffered from war work almost more than their faces, and if your hands are showing signs of war fatigue, you can get special hand and nail treatment at Coralie Godfrey. She is a specialist in all kinds of nail troubles, and can work wonders with delicate and difficult nails.

END

Fragrant and quick-lathering.

Embassy Soap

7½d.

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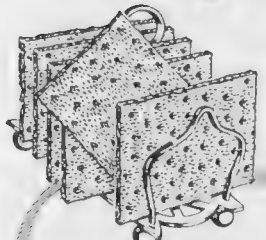
After this, our breakfast treat!

MR. FREAN:
A toast-rack full of Vita-Weat!



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THE CRISPBREAD THAT IS ALL WHEAT

Under the patronage of Their Majesties The King and Queen

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International Festival of Music and Drama

in association with the Arts Council of Great Britain

Glyndebourne Opera (Verdi, Mozart); Old Vic Theatre Company; Compagnie Jouvet, Paris; Sadler's Wells Ballet; British and Foreign Orchestras incl. Vienna Philharmonic, Orchestre Colonne; Conductors, Bruno Walter, Paray, Barbirolli, Sargent: Szell, Susskind, Ian Whyte; Soloists and Chamber Music; Lotte Lehmann, Schnabel, Szigeti, Fournier, Primrose, Kathleen Ferrier, Peter Pears, Todd Duncan, etc.

Tickets now available. All information from Cooks, Dean & Dawson, American Express Company, or Festival Office, Music Hall, George Street, Edinburgh, 2.

It's Good—

Good gravy helps to make the dish. So be sure you ask for Goodall's Gravy Salt. With it, you can make rich brown gravy for meatless dishes, dumplings and savouries. Especially useful today, when small joints don't yield sufficient natural gravy. Goodall's Gravy Salt is pure and of high quality.

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"YORKSHIRE RELISH"
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It's Goodall's
GRAVY SALT
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REPAIRS

Ewbank

CARPET SWEEPER for repair through your retailer if he cannot supply a new one yet. Supplies of new Ewbanks are still limited.

MAKE MILK A TREAT

Even children who normally don't like milk eat it eagerly as creamy, velvety Little Miss Muffet Junket. It's delicious and the most healthful and digestible of all milk sweets. Made with lukewarm—not boiling—milk, the valuable vitamins are retained. Being made from liquid rennet you get the full value of the rennet enzyme, which breaks up the heavy milk curd. Easy to prepare—made in a minute and set in ten.

Little MISS MUFFET JUNKETS

Still only 7½d. for 3 pint-size Junkets

Four Fruit Flavours
RASPBERRY . ORANGE . LEMON . VANILLA

Sole Distributors: Lewis A. May (Little Miss Muffet) Ltd., Copthall House, London, E.C.2. (13)

Second Thoughts

(*Continued from page* 32)

impression of primness that had lingered in Harvey's mind and confirmed his earlier impressions that she had taste as well as a very attractive figure on which to express it.

They began with cocktails and Harvey carefully kept the conversation away from any reference to his mission. He talked of everything else, his war experiences, the ambition of his particular company to bring a new realism and fresh outlook to films without losing any of the popular appeal. And then he let her talk and watched her as she talked.

THE dinner was good but still more pleasant was the setting, the garden, the lawn, the river with its overhanging willows still with a serenity that only the evening of a perfect day can bring. Then almost before they knew it the dusk was falling.

A silence fell between them and Harvey's eyes rested on her cool figure and the serenity of her face that fitted so well in this quiet scene and he said: "Damn!"

She looked up at him quickly and smiled. "I know now why you said that the first time last week, but why now?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Just that. Damn!" Then he leaned towards her. "Send that contract back to me. I don't want you to sign it. I don't want you ever to be any different from now. I thought you were talking nonsense this morning but now I believe you were right . . . a marriage, a home, a family. . . ."

"I'm sorry but your arguments this morning made me decide to change my mind. I have decided to sign the contract."

"But you mustn't."

Her eyes lifted to meet his. "But why have you changed your mind?"

"In films you are a puppet in the hands of a dozen directors . . . make-up, script, sound, stage . . . all pulling strings to make you dance to their tune. But you are not a puppet, you are an individual with a personality of your own . . . a beauty of your own . . . much better than anything these other people give you. . . ."

Betty closed her eyes to hide the fact that her heart was beating with excitement. She remembered Mrs. Lancaster's words as they had watched Harvey walk away that same morning.

"Betty," she had said. "If I'm not mistaken, that young man is falling in love with you. Don't give in too easily. He'll appreciate you all the more if you make him dance to your tune."

But how could you make a man dance to your tune if your own heart was a turmoil of indecision . . . principles and principals, films and a future, all stirred into a jumble because you were falling in love with a man and he was telling you in a round-about way that he was in love with you. But his voice was speaking.

"Because as a star you get caught in a vortex, jealousy, pettiness, competition, notoriety . . . cream-puff publicity in the Press and bare claws behind the scenes . . . when I see someone I like getting involved in it. . . ."

"But you involved me in it . . . I was happy in the school." She was thinking as she spoke that she had never seen anything so lovely as the willows over the still water in the dusk.

"Let's sit on the wall by the stream," said Harvey, and he took her hand. Harvey, pensive, dropped a twig into the water and startled a school of minnows. "You know," he said, "I've fallen in love with you and, frankly I don't know what to do about it. It's very upsetting."

Betty laughed and followed the twig with her eyes as it floated lazily away. "Why not do what they do in the films?"

"Marry and live happily ever afterwards?" His voice was angry. "You should see what I see of the ever-after."

"Perhaps it would be better to see what ordinary people see . . . a home . . . a family." She looked up at him but he also was watching the twig and his eyes were clouded. "But I promised Weston I would get you . . . I promised your Mrs. Lancaster. . . ."

"And you promised to make me a star. . . ."

"I still do. . . . And why not combine a career with marriage . . . so that I can look after you." He jumped up. "But no . . . this is all too much like a film . . . except that it never happens so quickly in a film. . . ."

HE took advantage of the growing dusk and with a sudden movement drew her into his arms. His first kiss caught Betty breathless with surprise but she yielded to his second with a sense of infinite certainty, as though a moment for which she had been unconsciously waiting had at last arrived.

"No," she said as she drew away. "It could only happen in real life. Promise me, whatever happens in films . . . let us always keep this kind of real life."

His lips touched hers lightly again. "I promise," he said.

END

Your Face Is Their Fortune

(*Continued from page* 51)

studio. Later his theories of make-up were made available to women all over the world.

His approach was, and still is, that the theory of make-up depends for success upon the enhancement of natural charm. Make-up to suit *You* became the insistent theme of his appeal to women. Coupled with this irresistible appeal was his emphasis upon the importance of colour harmony. For years women had been influenced in their purchase of beauty preparations by the attractiveness of their packing. Now, at Max Factor's behest, "powder to blend with rouge, rouge to tone with lipstick," became the overriding influence.

Pan-cake make-up was an innovation all his own, which hit the beauty world like a minor bombshell. The notion of spreading a fine, almost opaque film over the skin to mask defects and blemishes had an enormous appeal. Another big step in the search for beauty had been taken.

One of the pioneers and still one of the most successful personalities in the industry is Helena Rubinstein, who, by laying special emphasis on the problems of beauty for the older woman marked out her own special line of beauty culture. Here was a field with limitless possibilities and incalculable regions for success.

"Keep your body healthy and supple with exercise and diet," says Helena Rubinstein. "By all means make the best of your looks with make-up but, most important of all, *think* young and you will look young." Again the psychological approach, this time from a different but equally important angle.

Madame Rubinstein is fond of quoting the example of the young girl with an indifferent skin who achieves beauty with cleverly applied make-up and her mother who achieves beauty *plus* charm by reason of her maturer poise. This, in fact, is the basis of her special appeal to women and indeed one to think on.

END

EMERGING FROM THE CHRYSALIS OF CREATIVE CHEMISTRY...

IF you still believe in fairies then you will still wish to believe that the finest fabrics come from the silkworm and the softest ones from the sheep. . . .

If, however, you really belong to this present amazing technological age, then you will be deeply interested in the luxurious modern synthetic fabrics emerging from creative chemistry. With appreciation you will finger their unique and varied textures, and you will certainly pay tribute to the brilliance of the Celanese Scientists.

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Louis Philippe Lipstick and an Aage Thaarup hat are worn by Gina Davies. Louis Philippe shades blend perfectly with the new season's colours.

The hat is designed with a directoire influence. Its foundation is of fine black felt. The new profile movement is accentuated by the clever draping in striped taffetas.

Louis Philippe lipstick

The Village Where Time Stands Still

(*Continued from page* 29)

quiet courtyard, with its central patch of emerald green grass, stand the tiny cottages in which these old ladies spend the evenings of their lives. Each has her own cottage, and in each cottage are items of furniture which would make a connoisseur green with envy—a canopied bed, a stool-table and a chair, all perfect specimens of Jacobean workmanship.

But the beds were to be slept in, and not simply collector's pieces, so I asked the obvious question.

"Amazingly comfortable," one of the old ladies told me.

Around her, as she sat there, were gathered the flotsam and jetsam of a busy life—a chest-of-drawers which had seen better times, a faded photograph, a pair of Victorian china dogs. The sunlight slanted through the leaded windows to light up the fine network of wrinkles which graced her features, presenting a picture which brought home to me very vividly the knowledge of the peace and quietness which these old folk have found in the eventide of life. Each of these tiny cottages, with its relics and its memories, is a private sanctuary, and I felt suddenly grateful to Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, for having made these things possible.

These almshouses at Castle Rising, together with those founded by the Earl at Clun, in Shropshire, and Greenwich, were built it is said as memorials to members of his family imprisoned in the Tower or beheaded on Tower Hill. Admission at Castle Rising is restricted to the womenfolk of the three villages on the Howard estate and the qualifications laid down by the original statutes are that the inmates must be "of an honest life and conversation, religious, grave and discreet, able to read (if such a one may be had), a single woman, her place to be void upon marriage, to be fifty-six years of age at least, no common beggar, harlot, scold, drunkard, haunter of taverns, inns or alehouses."

In addition to her tiny cottage with its Jacobean furniture, each old lady receives also free coal, light and wood—the "twenty faggots" decreed by the original statutes—and at the rear of each cottage is a small plot of garden. Gardening, however, is beyond the powers of most of the old ladies—five of them are over eighty—and a gardener comes in each morning to do it for them.

I left the Hospital of the Holy and Undivided Trinity—which is the real title of these picturesque almshouses—and walked across the churchyard to the village green where an ancient market cross still stands as a symbol of Castle Rising's former prosperity. How strange, I thought, that this quiet village was once so important that it was probably the first place in Norfolk to be granted the privilege of electing its own mayor, that once Samuel Pepys, whose diaries make such fascinating reading, and the great Sir Robert Walpole were elected by its citizens to represent them in the House of Commons. Today the most important people in the place are the schoolmaster, the rector and the local constable. And, of course, Sir Charles Howard, descendant of a nephew of that Henry Howard who founded the almshouses, lives here when his duties as serjeant-at-arms at the House of Commons do not necessitate his presence at Westminster.

High above the village, aloof and remote on their artificial mound, stand the castle ruins—the finest specimen of a Norman castle in all Norfolk.

And if any castle should have a ghost, then it is Castle Rising. For here, for many years, in enforced idleness lived the beautiful and infamous Queen Isabella—the She-Wolf of France—whose sordid story has become a part of English history.

Here she was confined, by order of her son, for her part in those ghastly happenings which culminated in the murder of her husband, the second Edward, in that grim castle at Berkeley. Isabella died at Hertford, but local tradition asserts that she was brought back to Castle Rising for burial. If so, then no trace of her resting place remains today, though it is said that a century ago a stone in the church bore the simple inscription "Isabella Regina."

END

Accentuate The Positive

(*Continued from page* 53)

which can completely alter the appearance of the face, either for better or worse. Brows should line with the inside corners of the eyes and follow the natural line of the bone along the eyes. It is advisable if they are in bad shape and growing profusely over the bridge of the nose, first to have them "tailored" by an expert. It is important to remember that excessive plucking creates an appearance that is stark and expressionless as an egg. Those thin pencil lined eyebrows are as dead as the fashions of the "twenties."

A long, thin face is improved by heavily marked eyebrows trimmed to a straight line. If the brows are lightish in tone, they should be carefully darkened with an eyebrow pencil and smoothed with a tiny brush.

Where hair styling is concerned the shape of the face should basically rule the choice of coiffure. The perfect oval face will stand a centre parting with, perhaps, a plaited coronet placed well back. If the neck is short, a twisted coil placed fairly *high* on the neck is best. A long thin neck is improved by wearing the coil of hair low at the nape.

The woman with a long face should avoid hair drawn tightly back from the face. It can be fluffed out at the back, gathered high at the sides with a bolster fringe on the forehead.

A squarish type of face looks best with the hair drawn back and piled high in puff curls on each side of a centre, or fairly high, side-parting. This gives a lift to the features and detracts from their heaviness.

Women who are uncertain about choosing a hair style should consult a really good hairdresser who will devise a style which accentuates the best features of nature and "play down" the less happy one.

END

Building Backstage

(*Continued from page* 19)

In Africa, Australia and Malaya lead is dug or dredged, and processed, and shipped over to the plant where they make it into sheets of varying standard thickness for weathering roofs, and chimney stacks at their junctions with the roof, and into pipes of different sizes for water, interior drains, and bath, basin and kitchen sink waste. The pipe comes in coils, and straightening it without dents and kinks, and making necessary bends in it without compressing the pipe, and joining lengths up to taps and to other pipes—those are all jobs requiring the plumber's technique and tools. In a small house plumbing, the plumber uses about fourteen pounds of slab lead, to "wipe" approximately eighteen joints. An amateur trying to "wipe" a joint will probably find he has a leak—that is, if he finishes the job without dropping molten lead on his hand.

In mine, foundry and machine-shop an elaborate hierarchy of technicians and workers produce the nails and screws, door and window fittings, hard-fuel boiler stoves, fireplace bars, hot-water cylinders and radiators, steel tubes through which electrical wiring goes, water-taps, the hull and all the dozens of components of electrical cooking stove and refrigerator and electricity and water meters, and man-hole covers for the external drains, and steel rods for concrete reinforcing, and (*Continued on page* 70)

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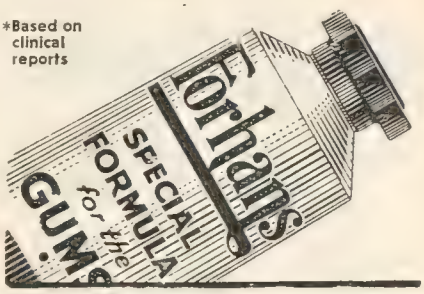

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cast-iron rain-water gutters and downpipes, and six-inch pipes for ventilating the drain, and zinc sheet for roof soakers, and the water tank under the roof, with its inlet ball valve, and the cisterns in the water-closet with their release mechanism and ingenious siphon for starting up the refilling process.

We put so much into a house, and mostly by hand. Compared to a brick-built-and-equipped Bevan, a great mellow-brick country house, built in the Golden Age of British architecture, a Georgian house, was simple to the point of primitivity. It didn't even have a water-closet—a relatively recent innovation, the water-closet. Minister Bevan has urged two W.C.s in each house, but for cost and supply reasons not all Bevans have more than one. All through history, until quite recently, kings and queens, millionaires and plutocrats, got along all right, and lived lustily and joyously in their palaces without electric light and power. Somehow, we can't. Hence part of the building headache.

These elaborations of living are often forgotten by citizens who simplify a house into merely "bricks and mortar." Bricks and mortar are not the whole story of a house. They're not half or a quarter of the story. A small builder doing his own bricklaying before the war would reckon to get the hull of his small house, comparable to a £850 house to-day, up for £85. On a £2,400 house at to-day's costs—that would be about a £1,200 house pre-war—the breakdown of costs shows the bricklaying bill at approximately £550, or not one-fourth the total building cost. About one-third of the £550 is for labour; the rest goes on bricks and mortar.

The "brickie" is a steady but not a fast worker. There are illusions about his powers. In a typical silly newspaper story the reporter writes of a builder, doing his own bricklaying (many small builders begin as bricklayers or carpenters), laying 1,000 bricks a day. This compares with the average 320 bricks a "brickie" lays in a day for the basic wage he is paid—he wants a bonus for more. A thousand bricks weigh about four tons. Imagine swinging four tons of bricks daily with one arm, the laying apart! Spurred by overtime and bonuses, a powerful "brickie" can lay 1,000 bricks a day on straight runs, like the walls of factories and big buildings, day after day. But if he tried that rate on a house, he wouldn't have time to keep them plumbed and levelled and straight. His brickwork would be all over the place. Actually, 400 a day is a good average, allowing for cutting and cornering.

ON another cost-breakdown which I have on my desk, the estimate for the cost of bricks to construct an £850 house is £80, and the total labour costs £168. Allow even a third of that £168 for the bricklaying, and you have only £136, or say one-sixth of the whole bill. On the other hand, the plumbing in that small house is estimated at £120, and it's the most economical short-run plumbing, with the cheapest bath and fittings procurable (the bath, £13, a builder could get for 52s. pre-war!). The roof job is reckoned at £55. Timber for the whole house, at £95. Timber would be more normally, but only 1.7 standards of timber is allowed for a house now. The ground floor, which ordinarily would be made of timber joists and boards, now has to be made solid: hard-core or rubble, five or six loads trucked in expensively, packed, concreted over, and finished with a cheap composition overlay.

There is an odd thing about this estimate for a house of 800 superficial feet area. Totalled, all the estimate items come to £920, including £150 for land. But the maximum permitted cost for a house this size is £850. So, what? So the house won't get built unless one of three things happen. Extra cash is surreptitiously passed by customer to builder. It happens! Or the builder comes out with a loss. That happens, too.

Or the builder "shops around" for lower estimates. And this happens all the time. The ideas of firms, or individual craftsmen—plumbers, painters, electricians, etc.—as to what they should get for a job, differ a good deal. I have data on my desk showing variations ranging from £10 to £30 for one job, and from £36 to £92 for another job. A keen builder would get that £850 house up for the permitted money, and himself out with maybe £100 profit—always provided he had a clean work run and was not held up by weather or non-delivery of materials. Costs leap when tiles or glass or plaster-board or guttering are weeks or months late coming along, and you have guaranteed-week men to pay.

High costs have been a building headache from the time that man, perhaps hastily, gave up his tree and cave shelters, and went in for manufacturing a dwelling for himself and his family.

Any modification, disruption or changing of the present Bevan programme may be laid at coal's door; but the student of prices may insist that costs played at least a part. You couldn't build houses in 1946 as cheaply as you could in 1945; and by 1947 you couldn't build for the same price as in 1946, owing to rises in wage rates, metals, paint, putty, transport charges.

LATELY I visited a local authority's building development in a southern county. The houses were excellent—well-built, three bedrooms and all the etceteras, lavishly equipped. I asked how on earth they did this for £1,200 a house. "Oh, we didn't," was the easy reply. "They cost us £1,500 apiece, roughly." Of course, local authorities can do things that private builders, like you and me, cannot do.

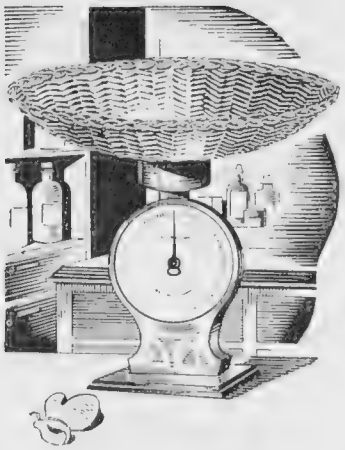
This apart from large-scale-building economies. With a contract for say fifty houses, you can make considerable savings through bulk buying, pruned transport costs, economical shuttling of labour, and all the other advantages of large-scale building work organization under skilled and experienced building foremen, who know how to keep bricklayers from losing a minute through avoidable brick cutting, and how to keep carpenters busy all the time by having all timbers cut to fit back in the builder's carpenters' shop, and so on.

All fifty houses would be done to one plan. The architect's fee would be £10 for the house plan. Architects' fees run usually 6 per cent of the cost of a building, for seeing it through from start to finish. Fifty citizens hiring as many architects, or the same one, to provide their individual house plans to go through the local authority's examining and approving machine, would pay an aggregate £550 for the fifty plans. If architects saw fifty individual jobs through for fifty building citizens, they would collect an aggregate £3,500 in fees for those fifty houses.

That's the backstage outline story to-day. What's to-morrow's story? Your guess is as good as mine or anybody else's. It's an intriguing riddle. Prefabrication was in the foreground when the great building programme began, but has sunk into the background now. The traditional house, brick and timber built, has re-asserted itself, and steel, aluminium, asbestos and other pre-fabs are viewed as essentially "temporary" and "emergency." It's much the same in America, where out of the terrific rush to get in on the ground floor of the Federal Emergency housing programme, only two concerns managed to get government financial backing, and they use for their factory-made houses timber and similar traditional materials. The new basic building material, at once cheap, easily produced in limitless quantities, strong and enduring, weather-proof and able to withstand wind pressure, unaffected by changing temperatures, ice, snow, rain, sun, cool in summer and warm in winter instead of vice versa (the disadvantage of uninsulated metal walls, and flat roofs), has yet to appear.

Some American technicians working in this field insist that it will arrive in the not distant future, and revolutionize housing and our way of life. If that happens, the British Bevans will be as outmoded as Dakotas built to last a commercial airfleet for the next 50 to 100 years. But it's a big "if."

END



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The Secret Marriage

(*Continued from page* 28)

like Mr. W. H. Wilkins say that according to civil law it was not; according to the Canon Law of the Roman Catholic Church and Church of England it was. It was certainly valid to Maria with her sincere religious scruples.

All through the years of heated dispute and vilification she could have cleared herself by producing the document, but she remained staunch to the Prince and their secret, even under the sternest provocation. We see her—Princess in all but name—seated at his right hand at banquets in Brighton's Royal Pavilion, loved for her serene charm and tenderness, always exquisitely dressed with grace and dignity. Never did she abuse her privileged position. Since the people could not call her Queen they called her "Queen of Hearts." After the final poignant break with the Prince Regent she retained the respect and devotion of his Court friends and members of his family. He, in mind and body, took the downward path. A. W.

END

Decorating Data

(*Continued from page* 39)

If woodwork is repainted the same colour, one undercoating should be sufficient, but if the colour is to be changed at least two will be needed before the finishing coat. White-lead paint, if you can get it, is the most successful covering medium for dark paint which is to be repainted lighter.

When painting doors begin with the panels, follow with the surfaces which divide the panels, then go on to the rails which go across the top, centre and bottom of the door. For window frames use a 2-in. brush on larger surfaces, and the sash tool for the narrowest sections nearest the glass. A small flat sheet of zinc or tin held against the glass surface will obviate splashing, but if the paint brush slips, wipe up the splash marks immediately with a clean rag lightly touched with turpentine.

If the varnish paint used for the finishing coat is stiff, stand the tin in a basin of hot water. A little turps can be used for thinning if the paint is hard to work, but remember that the more turps used the less glossy the finished surface will be.

END

A Plain Gold Brooch

(*Continued from page* 33)

cornelian and—in compliment to Queen Victoria's penchant for anything out of Scotland—the rather stolid cairngorm; while seed pearls and above all turquoise (perhaps the most becoming in wear of all jewel colours), achieved more popularity than it had known since Ancient Egypt.

Other features of the period were the elaborate bouquet holders, often of gold decorated and inset with jewels, which kept the stiff lace-mounted bouquets from hands overheated in the strenuous valse and polka.

ANOTHER custom now long out of use, involved the presentation of "mourning rings" to friends and relations after a funeral. These often took the form of a miniature depicting a sorrowing figure by a funerary urn, or a weeping willow whose trailing branches were represented by strands of human hair. This was probably the origin out of which grew that curious craft of using human hair in a gold setting for bracelets, necklaces and watch chains. The hair, which might be that of a husband or child, or might be used purely for its rather questionable decorative value, was hand woven into hollow tubes about the thickness of a lead pencil and these flexible tubes twisted or plaited to form a sort of chain. Gold mounts, clasps and settings gave importance to what are one of the strangest forms of personal ornament ever evolved.

END

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C.P.L.

Where Is London? (*Continued from page 24*)

I must pause a moment; I must not be too angry with my Russian, because a horrible thought occurs to me: Do Londoners themselves know London? I doubt it; I doubt it very much. "Oo, I would not like to live right up there, I wouldn't," says a dweller in New Cross, speaking of someone who lives in Hampstead, but is not Hampstead Village, London, too? Of course it is, I suppose it is just a case of village rivalry. But let us take this mole made tunnel and emerge in the light of the glazed tile mole-hill.

You realize as you walk up the hill towards the Heath that Hampstead was captured and surrendered to London, perhaps with a struggle, but oh, so gracefully. As you walk towards the Vale of Health, you can look down on London, geographically speaking only, because London refuses to be looked down upon, and quite right, too.

On a fine day you can actually stand on the edge of the Leg of Mutton Pond and see St. Paul's; before the fire, the sun's rays danced on the glistening panes of the Crystal Palace; it is all London, the whole boiling of it.

Lower down the slope are the houses with Regency windows that stood where they stand before London's encircling arms reached out and embraced Hampstead and made it a part of London. Over there is Edgware which three decades ago was just a village in Middlesex, on the outskirts of London. Now with cement sidewalks, the shops, the cinemas, all wear London's uniform.

Just look around you: another village, Highgate, and over there, Kilburn and Cricklewood and Willesden, but London, London, London!

The word Highgate quite naturally pulls me back with a jerk. Another and older London lies around the shell of the Guildhall, whence turned the young man who rested awhile on Highgate Hill, but is the City of London so much older, or older at all? When young Dick heard the sound of Bow Bells there were cottages on the hill; people in them thought, no doubt, it was quite a journey to London Town. What would they have thought if they had been told that one fine day London will put on its seven league boots and step out?

EASTWARDS from the Guildhall you find fewer signs of the boundaries of demarcation which separate the London villages one from the other. Parts have very little night-time population; the warehouses and the offices empty and the people pour themselves away to their homes in other London villages, but keep on keeping on and you come again, past Aldgate Pump, to still more little towns and villages. Of course it's London, very much London. But what a different London to those other villages from which we have just come, in the north and the north-west.

Mile End (what wonderful names our London villages have!). Mile End! See the crowd emerging from the prize fight; a local lad has just beaten a champion from France. "Know 'im?" says a coster to his donah, "know 'im? What you fink? Ercourse I know 'im; knew 'im when 'e was a nipper abaht so 'igh. Proper little nipper 'e was, too. Licked all the other nippers around 'ere and chance it."

"Taxi, sir?" In the darkness a tall man in evening dress stands close to a woman on whom the light shines through the swinging glass doors of a Piccadilly hotel. As the doorman moves away to chase a taxi, the tall man whispers to the woman: "I remember that fellow. Jolly good scrapper he was, too. Many a time I saw him fight at the old Holborn Stadium."

Oh yes, Mile End, Mayfair, both pretty local when you come right down to it.

When there were music halls in London there was a man named Harry Fragson who sung songs at the piano, the chorus of one of his songs went something like this:

"Bill, Billy, Billy Brown,
Putney, Piccadilly, Camden Town."

That is what I mean; all different names of localities, but all Londoners under the skin.

YOU can hear the roar of Oxford Street or Tottenham Court Road and step right out of it into the quiet peacefulness of the beautiful Bloomsbury squares. One of these days I vow I will write an article which will contain nothing but Bloomsbury squares. It became smart to sneer at Bloomsbury, but where else in all the world will you find such dignity? Only a person with no imagination at all can possibly walk through those squares and fail to see some at least of the ghosts of Thackeray's characters. There is old Mr. Osborne, right on the corner of Russell Square. His florid face shows only too plainly that he has just had another violent quarrel with George, and there, there is that rascal George himself, squiring Becky Sharpe.

As I write, I see myself sitting in a stall in the Oxford Music Hall. Victoria Monks is on the stage. Listen, she is singing:

"Oh take me back to London Town,
London Town, London Town.
That's where I want to be,
With folks who're kind to me.
Trafalgar Square, oh ain't it grand,
Oxford Street, the dear old Strand,
Leicester Square, I don't care, anywhere,
London Town, take me there!"

I promised my Russian Kensington, I remember, but I approach Kensington with fear in my heart, because once upon a time I wrote rude words about Kensington, and a lady author who apparently lived in Kensington, took my words as a text and wrote a book in praise of Kensington. Yet, I must avow that Kensington encrusted in the heart of London, glancing at Chelsea, turning its back on Putney, while gracefully curtsying to the park, is just as much a part of London as any of London's towns and villages mentioned and unmentioned in this article. There now, Kensington, south and west, have I made honourable amend?

We who look for the "real London" must in the last analysis agree that London, like fun, is where you find it.

END

Fireflies In October (*Continued from page 23*)

comes out with its puff and its bluster, and I say to myself: "Good old London! Brave little train!" and I turn over and get some sleep at last. . . . If the day does come when that train doesn't arrive in the morning, I think my heart is going to burst."

Andrew's room looked out towards the south-east and after he had undressed that night, he turned the light out and pulled the black-out back, and sat for a long time, looking towards London, thinking. It was nearly twelve when he went to bed, and the fireflies were still dancing silently in the distant sky.

He was awake at three, and he was awake at four, and he was awake at five. From five on he was very wide awake, listening. The minutes passed as slowly as they could. A cock crew at twenty to, and a dog barked at the quarter; but at ten to there was not a sound. Andrew's watch was ticking in his hand, but what he seemed to hear was Caroline's heart beating. Nine to—nothing. Eight to—nothing. Seven to—still nothing. Then suddenly at six to, just as Caroline had said, out came the train from the bridge and the cutting, with a puff and a bluster, and bustled on to Aylesbury.

Andrew blew a kiss in the direction of the sound.

"Good old London!" he murmured. "Brave little train! . . . . Sweet, sweet Caroline!"

And he turned over and went to sleep.

THERE was a cup of tea beside him when Andrew came out of the past for a moment and looked inside at the hospital. He had no idea how long it had been there and he could not thank Sister, for her chair was empty and all the papers on the table tidied away. As he drank the tea, the clock ticked and the life of the hospital went on. The wheeled stretcher came back the other way at a trot, with the two nurses in charge and the blue blankets neatly piled at one end of it. The young probationer also came back, very demure, with her cuffs in order; then seeing that Sister was not there, gave a hop and a skip and passed out of sight.

Then outside in the dark distant sky there was another cluster of coloured sparks and Andrew was away in the past again. He was thinking of that legion of babies on which Caroline had set her heart and which she was never going to have. As things had turned out it had not been too easy to provide her with the one that was causing all the present anxiety. Four days after that night at Wendover he was on the troopship, with tropical kit in his bag, and a continual scare of submarines. Egypt followed. And the desert. And finally Alamein. There was a legion of letters from Caroline and nothing else.

IT was the March of 1944 before he came home again, and he had walked and motored half the way. The long-postponed wedding was arranged for the end of the month; but then Caroline got pneumonia, and there was another long anxious period of waiting. Again the wedding was finally fixed for the tenth of June—and D-Day came on the sixth.

It was a German sniper at Caen that finally made the wedding possible. If his aim had been better or not so good, Andrew would have stayed for ever at Caen or gone on to the Rhine, and Caroline would have stopped writing letters or gone on with them. But Andrew was wounded in the shoulder, and came home, and they were married at last.

Andrew was thinking of that sniper now. Without sentiment or sympathy, for he had yet to meet his first good German. But he was wondering whether he knew how much he was responsible for. Did he have a wife back in some German town? And had she ever had a baby? . . .

The sparks had died away in the distant sky and darkness from outside seemed to come in and fling itself around him. His fists were clenched even more tightly than they had been that night at Wendover when he saw the agony of London. Supposing Caroline were not even to have one baby out of all the host she wanted! Supposing instead of a new life in the world, there was to be an old one less! Supposing that sniper had really saved Andrew's own life and robbed him of one which he held much more dear!

Oh, Caroline!

SISTER had to touch him on the arm twice before he looked up.

"Your wife's come through fine, Mr. Larg," she said. "And it's a girl. Exactly seven pounds."

Then as Andrew did not answer she went on.

"She's not come round yet. But you can go and see her. Nurse is waiting."

Andrew still did not reply. He just touched Sister's cool cheek with his lips and walked away; and Sister stood there with her hand to her face, not wiping away his kiss, but keeping it there. And Andrew squared his shoulders as he went down the corridor to watch by Caroline and wait till she opened her eyes. For better or for worse, the fight was on again. Seven pounds of baby girl against all the powers of darkness.

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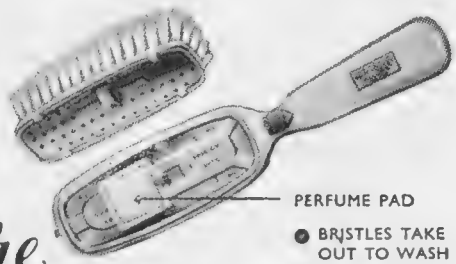

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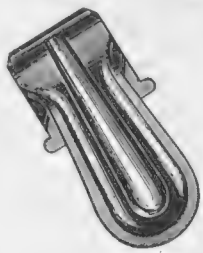

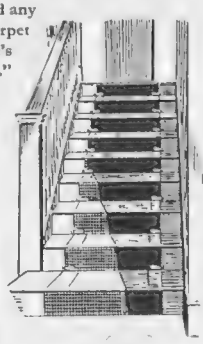

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Money To Come (*Continued from page 36*)

They drove off, and his father said: "We've got ten minutes in hand. You might pull up by the playing fields. I want to talk to you before I make my new will. The old one was made before Jim went."

Harry's heart gave a jump. He and Joyce continually talked about the future, tormented by doubt and uncertainty. They felt sure that old Binnaker must leave his money to his only son. Yet he had sometimes said in a rage that he wouldn't leave Harry a penny. And he was a pig-headed old cuss, he might do anything! Quite often his father would say that Harry had been nothing but a whining liar since the day he was born, and there were one or two incidents that nobody ever quite forgot: the time when the ten-year-old Harry had been caught burying live kittens: the time when fourteen-year-old Harry was found burgling the tobacconist's. Boyish pranks, thought Harry, but his father thought otherwise. All the old abuse and threats had been trotted out again when Harry picked up an usherette for a bride. But surely the old man couldn't mean it all? Blood is thicker than water. Now at last they would know where they stood.

"These death duties stick in my gizzard," announced his father. "I've sweated blood for my money, and I've paid a fortune in taxation. I've given my work-people the best pension scheme, and the best clubs and sports grounds in the country—in any country. I don't think it's fair that I should pay all over again when I'm dead."

Harry agreed fervently that it was a shame.

"I feel," went on his father, "that I ought to leave all I've got to your mother,"

Harry felt this was an even greater shame: he was speechless at the horror of it, but the old man went on, "She's earned it as much as I have. I couldn't have got on as I did without her behind me. The way she managed on a few shillings a week when I started! Yet we were always properly fed. And afterwards, when it was touch and go with the business, and I sometimes thought I was coming down with a crash and bringing hundreds of little people with me, she gave me the pluck to go on and try again. She's been a good helpmate, she has. Always the same, steady as a rock, and kind as sunshine."

Harry made no comment.

"There's a lot of smaller legacies," went on Mr. Binnaker, "I haven't forgotten any of the men who've worked for me from the beginning, in fact apart from my own old friends in the firm I'm leaving an annuity to any man who's been in the business over sixteen years, to include war service. That leaves an estate worth about £18,000 a year.

"I ought to leave it to your mother, asking her to make you an allowance while she lives, and expecting her to leave you the rest when she dies."

Harry's heart sank. His mother would probably make him a bigger allowance than the Old Man would do: but she was much younger than the old man and they would be tied to her apron strings as long as she lived.

"The trouble is," said the old man, "if I do that, the estate will have to pay death duties twice over, once for me, once for her. It sticks in my gizzard. I can't bear the idea of throwing the money away after all I've been through getting it together."

"It's not fair," agreed his son.

"So I thought of doing it the other way round," went on his father. "I propose to leave the money all to you, if you undertake to make your mother an allowance of four thousand a year."

"Why, of course I do, Dad," promised Harry. "It's—it's very good of you, Dad! I know I haven't always been very lucky about pleasing you, but—well, I reckon I've sown my wild oats now. I hope we'll get on better. Blood's thicker than water, after all."

"If you could only take a real interest in the business, like Jim did," said the old man wistfully.

"I haven't got your brain, dad," said Harry pleasantly, "but I'll try."

"Then I'll move you up into Planning and double your screw," said old Binnaker.

The business was as dear to him as any masterpiece is to its creator: to his son it was a money-grubbing device, and he would never go near the business again once he could escape.

HARRY could hardly wait to get home to tell Joyce, and they went to the road house to celebrate, and Joyce was sick on the way home, and the next day being Sunday they did not get up at all.

Six months later old Binnaker had his first quarrel with his wife. She said that he had not recovered from influenza, and he said that he had. He attended an important industrial conference in spite of her, got pneumonia, and died in a few days.

"He was allus like that," snivelled the old servant who brought Harry the news. "When he said he'd do a thing, he'd go at it straight away; so when he had to die, there was no lingering off and on, like so many folks, he just went hard at it and died in a day or two."

It was a tremendous funeral, the church was packed with all sorts of people from far and near, but Joyce was the most beautiful woman there. She was as lovely as an angel in black. Of course she'd had a lot done to her hair, and taken a lot of trouble with her make-up, and her new hat was wonderfully fetching, but there was something extra as well. Her eyes looked twice as big and blue and shining. It reminded him of how she looked soon after they were engaged. "You get prettier every day," he had said then and she had replied, "It's happiness."

It might seem funny to say she was all glowing with happiness at a funeral, but then she wasn't happy because the Old Man was dead: she was happy because her troubles were over. That was only natural. And after all, as Harry kept telling people, the Old Man had died in harness, just as he would have wished.

Mother looked awful. She was wearing a plain black coat and hat that were dowdy enough for a respectable old servant, and she seemed to have shrunk, but perhaps that was because Joyce's new shoes had four-inch heels.

After it was all over they came back to "The Laurels," and sat in the drawing-room. The numerous chairs, and the sofa were all upholstered in deep blue brocade to match the curtains. There were three pairs of vases on the mantelpiece, and four large landscapes in huge gilt frames on the wall, and an apparently brand new Persian carpet on the floor.

The little family group and two old friends of the dead man, his executors, listened to the reading of the will.

At first it seemed as if the Old Man were still intent upon putting his money back into the business. Apart from all the legacies and annuities to people in the firm there was money for the infant welfare. Work among the workers' children, money for a maternity wing for their wives in the local hospital, money for scholarships, and money for convalescent holidays. At last they came to the point: the remainder of the estate valued at £18,000 a year, "was left to his son Harry Binnaker, knowing that he will make a suitable allowance to his mother, my dear wife, to whom I owe . . . etc., etc." The will made note that the house and furniture were already his wife's property.

It was finished. There was a murmur of farewells. Harry squeezed his mother's hand and said once more that Dad had died in harness, as he would have wished. Then they went home.

Home! It wouldn't be that much longer. They had always thought the house too humble, but once they had thought their furniture very smart. Now Harry looked round the lounge with contempt. The three piece suite upholstered in hide: the fireplace made of tiles which seemed to be composed of mildewed blancmange: the fan-shaped mirror, and the pink pottery rabbit now looked so cheap as to be almost common, though of course they were better than the old fashioned stuff at "The Laurels."

"What are we going to do first?" asked Joyce sinking on to the hide settee.

"Have a drink," said Harry, and went to fetch the wherewithal.

"I didn't mean that," said Joyce, when he returned. "I meant what are we going to do about our plans? We aren't going to drag on here too long, are we? Because if I don't get out of this hole soon I'll go stark, staring mad."

"We'll get out straight away, and never come back."

"Well, ring up to-night and book a suite at the Ritz."

"That'll cost a bit," said Harry, who was secretly afraid of very big places with very big names, and happier in the road house.

"Doesn't matter: we've got £18,000 a year," said Joyce.

"£14,000 without mother's allowance," Harry corrected.

"Oh well, we can afford the Ritz. Then we go shopping every day. I want lots of frocks, and a real diamond clip, and a mink coat. I saw the one I want when I was getting my mourning, and they promised to keep it for me."

"Mink—that's expensive, isn't it?"

"This one was £4,000 and a darn good investment."

"Four thousand pounds!" he cried. "Why dad told me mum's fur coat cost £80."

"Your mother wears musquash. She would," returned Joyce.

"But look here," expostulated Harry. "You know we want a good car. We can't go about like we want to, to smart race meetings and so on, without a good car. Well, a Rolls-Royce will put me back £5,000. If you're going to pay £4,000 for a coat, that'll be £9,000 gone straight away. And we want such a lot of other things! We don't want to be wondering all the time if we can afford another drink, do we? We want a good time."

Joyce took a cigarette, and snapped the case with a click that meant a good deal.

"I want that coat," she said very firmly. "Don't you see it's not just a coat, it's a hall mark? If I walk into a restaurant or a theatre wearing that coat, I'm somebody, see?"

He did. And for the same reason he intended to have the Rolls-Royce. He was a little man, and plain. The dead brother had been tall and handsome. But in a Rolls-Royce he was as big as anyone. Someone had once called him a little pipsqueak: in a Rolls everyone would have to respect him.

"We can do without the Rolls for a bit," went on Joyce. "Of course we'll have a decent car, but we don't have to go all out on it yet. You know what we've got to have? A big house somewhere smart like Ascot, with a swimming pool, tennis courts, and a ballroom. I saw one in a magazine with a cocktail bar and a sun lounge. Then we'll have big weekend parties for a real nice crowd, film stars and sporting people. We'll keep on a suite in a good London hotel, and we'll run up and down to Town. We'd better have two cars, then we can be independent. You'd better learn golf, or you'll get fed up doing nothing."

"We got to travel," went on Joyce, "'cos if we're going about with smart people it'll look funny if we've never been abroad. We'll go everywhere by air, and we'll have white luggage. Boy! we thought we were seeing life at the road house, but wait till we see the night clubs in Paris and Vienna and little old New York!"

"Look here, Joyce," (*Continued on page 76*)

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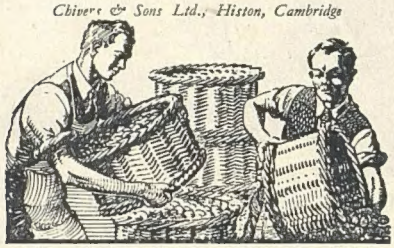

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he protested, "you got to draw in your horns. You don't realize all that's going to cost. We can't have it all at once!"

"You make me sick!" shouted Joyce. "You're just like your father! Can't afford! Can't afford! We got £18,000 a year, haven't we?"

"No," retorted Harry. "We've got £4,000 a year less than that—and you want to blue it on one coat!"

Joyce poured herself another drink and said with intensity, "I'm going to have that coat, if we live on bread and water."

"I can see you drinking water!"

Her eyes glittered, her nostrils lifted, and her chest began to heave. He tried to stem the tide of fury by saying:

"It's a funny thing, Peaches, that six months ago we thought £14,000 was a lot of money, and now it's not nearly enough. I thought I'd be able to give you everything you wanted."

She was a little placated. "Did you notice something at 'The Laurels'?" she asked. "The will didn't mention £4,000 for your mother. It said a suitable allowance."

"Yes," he said, "that was funny, wasn't it? The Old Man had got a bee in his bonnet about his money paying death duties twice over. I suppose he was afraid that if he put £4,000 in the will, the lawyers might twist it into a legacy instead of an allowance."

"You know what I think?" asked Joyce. "I think he meant what he said. A suitable allowance. It's up to you to decide what's suitable."

Harry stared at her, and her blue eyes stared back at him. "Legally," she said, "you can give her what you like."

"Legally, yes."

"She couldn't spend £4,000 if she had it," Joyce went on. "One old woman living alone, teetotal, and nonsmoker, what's she going to spend it on? Besides, she's got no rent to pay."

"I don't suppose she pays the servants more than a pound a week," said Harry.

"She'll only want one now," Joyce declared. "They can't spend more than £3 a week on food, and I bet she doesn't spend more than another pound on clothes and a newspaper."

"There's the gardener," mused Harry.

"She doesn't want a gardener," retorted Joyce. "That place is too big for her. She'd be better in a smaller place with a man half a day a week. She'd easy get £3,000 or £4,000 for 'The Laurels,' and then there's all the furniture."

"Who'd buy that sort of stuff?" he asked.

"People like your father," she returned. "Honestly, Harry, she could pretty well live on the income from the sale, and if you gave her five pounds a week as well she'd be in clover."

"Two fifty a year?" exclaimed Harry, startled.

"She can't *spend* more than that," pursued Joyce. "D'you know what'll happen to the rest? It'll go straight down the drain in the hospital or the children's home. Those two matrons are always in and out of 'The Laurels,' and so's that Doctor Kelson, and Lady Milchester. Real blood suckers, the lot of 'em. It makes me sick to see them flattering her for the sake of what they can get out of her. You'd think she'd have the sense to see they didn't love her for herself."

For some reason Harry felt a little annoyed. "I believe they really are fond of mum," he muttered. "But you're right about her giving money to the hospital and the children's home. They're her hobbies. D'you know what she asked dad to give her last Christmas? A great big aquarium to stand in the middle of the children's surgical ward, so's they could watch the fish and water turtles—and money for a man from the pet shop to keep it cleaned and stocked!"

"Sheer damn waste!" cried Joyce.

"How's a goldfish going to mend a broken leg? And now I can't have my coat, and you can't have your car because she's to spend £4,000 a year on coloured balloons and jigsaws! It's daft!"

"But I think Dad's done enough for charity."

"Too much," Joyce amended. "You ought to put your own flesh and blood before strangers. Why, Harry, he's given away about half of your rightful fortune as it is!"

Harry began to walk about the small thin green and fawn carpet. "It's awkward," he said. "I don't know what he may have said to her."

"What does that matter," Joyce retorted. "If you know you're doing right, you shouldn't worry. And legally you can do what you like."

"I don't like the job of going and saying to her, you may be expecting £4,000, but you'll be getting £800," growled Harry. "Still, I needn't go. I'll tell the bank to pay the money out of my account into hers quarterly. I think I'll make it £500. That is nearly £10 a week. She ought to be comfortable on that."

"We had to manage on £300, and there were two of us, and there's only one of her," expostulated Joyce. "Just say *that* if there's any grumbling."

"I'll make it a hundred a quarter," decided Harry suddenly. "I'll make a banker's order to-morrow, and I'll write her a note so that she knows where she is. We don't want her drawing cheques she can't meet."

Three days later old Mrs. Binnaker found a letter on her lonely breakfast table.

Dear Mother—it said,

I have come to London on business and do not know how long I shall be detained. I did not come and see you before I went as you were naturally upset after our loss. But I have not forgot that it was father's wish I should make you an allowance, and I have instructed the bank to pay £100 into your account every quarter. No doubt you will be comfortable on this, living alone, and having quiet tastes, but if you have any unusual expense such as illness you must let me know. Hoping you are in your usual good health, and not as bothered by the heat and noise as I am in London at present,

Yours,

HARRY.

Mrs. Binnaker stared at the words a long time, put the letter down, took it up, read it again. Then her eyes filled with tears. She thought again with the old ache of the son who had been killed in the war, the son who was so kind, and dependable, and lovable. She thought of her husband, her dear life-long comrade. Nothing mattered besides the passing of those two great loves. What did money matter? Why fight for it?

But she had promised: she must keep her promise. Rising, she took a key from the bundle in her pocket, and unlocked the desk.

"A letter for you, sir," said the clerk, handing it to Harry with the bedroom key. Harry was tired and a little tipsy after moving from one noisy place to another all the evening, and telling himself it would be more fun later, when they'd got some friends, and meanwhile he'd feel gayer if he had another drink. He thought, "Typewritten: just some formality or other," and opened it carelessly in the lounge while Joyce scowled. She didn't want to be kept waiting, and yet she didn't want to go to bed, for she felt wide awake, cross, and unsatisfied.

"What is it?" she asked, as he stood staring at the letter, just as his mother had stared at a letter.

"It's from the solicitors," he said. "Another will's turned up. A later one. Everything's left to mother."

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